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HARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

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"THE POACHER."

—
BY CAPTAIN HARRYAT.
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PART 4.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH AN INTERCHANGE AND CONFIDENCE
TAKES PLACE.

'And now, O'Donahue,' said M'Shane, 'if you are not yet tired of company, I should like to hear what you have been doing since we parted: be quite as explicit, but not quite so long winded as myself, for I fear that I have tired you.'

'I will be quite as explicit, my good fellow, but I have no such marvellous adventures to relate, and not such a fortunate wind up.

'I have been to Bath, to Cheltenham, to Harrowgate, to Brighton, and everywhere else where people meet, and people are met with, and who would not meet or be met with elsewhere. I have seen many nice girls, but the nice girls were like myself, almost penniless: and I have seen many ill-flavored, who had money; the first I could only afford to look at, the latter I have had some dealings with. I have been refused by one or two, and I have married seven or eight, but somehow or other, when it came near the point, the vision of a certain angel now in heaven has risen before me, and I have not had the heart or the heartlessness to proceed. Indeed I may safely say, that I have seen but one person since we parted, who ever

made the least impression on me, or whom I could fancy in the least degree to replace he, whom I had lost, and she, I fear, is also lost; so we may as well say no more about it. I have determined to marry for money, as you well know; but it appears to me as if there was something which prevents the step being taken; and, upon my honor, fortune seems so inclined to balk me in my wishes, that I begin to snap my fingers at her, and am becoming quite indifferent. I suffer now under the evil of poverty, but it is impossible to say what other evils may be in store, if I were to change my condition, as the ladies say. Come what will, in one thing I am determined, that if I marry a girl for money, I will treat her well, and not let her find it out; and as that may add to the difficulty of a man's position when he is not in love with his wife, why, all I can say is, Captain O'Donahue don't go cheap—that's decided.'

'You're right, my jewel, there's not such a broth of a boy to be picked up every day in the week. Widows might bid for you, for, without flattery, I think you a *moral* of a man, and an honor to Ireland. But, O'Donahue, begging your pardon, if it's not a secret, who may have been this lady who appears to have bothered your brains not a little, since she could make you forget somebody else?'

'I met her at the Lakes of Cumberland, and being acquainted with some of the party, was invited to join them; I was ten days in her company at Windermere, Ambleside, Derwentwater, and other places. She was a foreigner, and titled.'

'Murder and Irish! you don't say so?'

'Yes, and moreover, as I was informed by those who were with her, has large property in Poland. She was, in fact, every thing that I could desire—handsome, witty, speaking English, and several other languages, and about two or three and twenty years old.'

'And her name, if it's no offence to ask it?'

'Princess Czartorinski.'

'And a Princess in the bargain? And did you really pretend to make love to a Princess?'

'Am not I an Irishman, M'Shane? and is a Princess anything but a woman, after all? By the powers! I would make love to, and run away with, the Pope himself, if he were made of the same materials as Pope Joan is said to have been.'

'Then upon my faith, O'Donahue, I believe you—so go on.'

'I not only made love to her, but in making love to her I got most terribly singed myself, and I felt before I quitted her, that if I had ten thousand a year, and she was as poor as my dear Judith was, that she should have taken 'her place—that's the truth. I thought that I never could love again, and that my heart was as flinty as a pawnbroker's; but I found out my mistake when it was too late.'

'And did she return you the compliment, O'Donahue?'

'That I was not indifferent to her, I may without vanity believe. I had a five minutes alone with her, just before we parted, and I took that opportunity of saying, how much pain it was to part with her, and for once I told the truth, for I was almost choking when I said it. I'm convinced that there was sincerity in my face, and that she saw that it was there; 'If what you say is true, we shall meet at St. Petersburg next winter; good bye, I shall expect you.'

'Well, that was as much as to say come at all events.'

'It was; I stammered out my determination so to do, if possible; but I felt at the time, that my finances rendered it impossible—so there was an end of that affair. By my hopes of salvation, I'd not only go to Petersburg, but round the whole world, and to the north pole afterwards, if I had the means only to see her once more.'

'You're in a bad way, O'Donahue; your heart is gone and your money too. Upon my soul, I pity you; but it's always the case in this world. When I was a boy, the best and ripest fruit was always on the top of the wall and out of my reach. Shall I call to-morrow, and then, if you please, I'll introduce you to Mrs. M'Shane?'

'I will be happy to see you and your good wife, M'Shane; health and happiness to you.—Stop, while I ring for my little factotum to let you out.'

'By-the-bye, a sharp boy that, O'Donahue, with an eye as bright as a hawk. Where did you pick him up?'

'In St James's Park.'

'Well, that's an odd place to hire a servant in.'

'Do you recollect Rushbrook in my Company?'

'To be sure I do—your best soldier, and a famous caterer he was at all times.'

'It is his son.'

'And now I think of it, he's very like him, only somewhat better looking.'

O'Donahue then acquainted M'Shane with the circumstances attending his meeting with Joey, and they separated.

The next day, about the same time, M'Shane came to see his friend, and found O'Donahue dressed and ready to go out with him.

'Now O'Donahue, you mustn't be in such a hurry to see Mrs. M'Shane, for I have something to tell you, which will make her look more pretty in your eyes than she otherwise might have done upon first introduction. Take your chair again, and don't be putting on your gloves yet, while you listen to a little conversation took place between us last night, just before we dropped into the arms of Mundry. I'll pass over all the questions she asked about you, and all the compliments I paid you behind your back; because, if I didn't, it would make you blush, Irishman, as you are,—that it was a great kindness on your part to lend me that money, and she loved you for it; upon which I replied, I was sorry you was not asy in your mind, and so very unhappy: upon which she, in course, like every woman, asked me why; and then I told her merely that it was a love affair, and a long story, as if I wished to go to sleep. This made her more curious, so, to oblige her, I stayed awake, and told her just what you told me, and how the winter was coming on and you not able to keep your appointment. And what d'ye think the good soul said? 'Now,' says she, 'M'Shane, if you love me, and have any gratitude to your friend for his former kindness, you will to-morrow take him money enough, and more than enough, to do as he wishes, and if he gains his wife he can repay you; if not, the money is not an object.'

'That's very kind of you, dearest,' said I; 'but then will you consent to another thing? for this may prove a difficult affair, and he may want me with him, and would you have any objection to that dearest?' for you see O'Donahue, I took it into my head that I might be of the greatest use to you; and moreover, I should like the trip, just by way of a little change.

'Couldn't he do without you?' replied she, gravely.

'I'm afraid not; and although I thought I was in barracks for life, and never to leave you again, yet still for his sake, poor fellow, who has been such a generous fellow to me—'

'An' how long would you be away?' said she.

'Why it might be two months at the most,' replied I; 'but who can tell it to a day?'

'Well,' said she, 'I don't like that part of the

concern at all; but still if it is necessary, as you say, things shouldn't be done by halves,' and then she sighed, poor soul.

'Then I won't go,' says I.

'Yes,' says she, after a pause; 'I think it's your duty, and therefore you must.'

'I'll do just what you wish, my soul,' replied I, 'but let's talk more about it to-morrow.'

'This morning she brought up the subject, and said that she had made up her mind, and that it should be as we had said last night; and she went to the drawer and took out three hundred pounds in gold and notes, and said if it was not enough, we had only to write for more. Now ain't she a jewel, O'Donahue? and here's the money.'

'M'Shane, she's a jewel, not because she has given me the money, but because her heart's in the right place, and always will be. But I really do not like taking you away with me.'

'Perhaps you don't think I'd be of any use.'

'Yes, I do not doubt that you will be, although at present I do not know how.'

'But I do, for I've thought upon it, and I shall take it very unkind if you don't let me go with you. I want a little diversion; for you see, O'Donahue, one must settle down to domestic happiness by degrees.'

'Be it so, then; all I fear is, I shall occasion pain to your excellent wife.'

'She has plenty to do, and that drives care away; besides, only consider the pleasure you'll occasion her when I come back.'

'I forgot that. Now, if you please, I'll call and pay my respects, and also return my grateful thanks.'

'Then come along.'

Captain O'Donahue found Mrs. M'Shane very busily employed supplying her customers. She was, as M'Shane had said, a very good-looking woman, although somewhat corpulent, and there was an amiability, frankness, and kindness of disposition so expressed in her countenance, that it was impossible not to feel interested with her. They dined together. O'Donahue completely established himself in her good graces, and it was agreed that on that day week they should embark for Hamburg, and proceed on to Petersburg, Joey to go with them as their little valet.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXCURSION, AS OF YORE, ACROSS THE WATERS FOR A WIFE.

The first step taken by O'Donahue was to obtain a passport for himself and suite; and here there was a controversy, M'Shane having made up his mind that he would sink the officer, and travel as O'Donahue's servant, in which capacity he declared he would not only be more useful, but also swell his friend's dignity. After a long combat on the part of O'Donahue, this was consented to, and the passport was filled up accordingly.

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His Royal Highness very properly observed that if sent on a secret mission, he would, of course, obtain all the necessary introductions from the proper quarters, and then inquired of O'Donahue what his rank was, where he had served, &c.: to the latter question O'Donahue gave a very satisfactory answer, and convinced the Duke that he was an officer of merit. Then came the question as to his secret mission, which his Royal Highness had never heard of.

'May it please your Royal Highness, there's a little mistake about this secret mission, it's not on account of Government that I'm going, but on my own secret service;' and O'Donahue, finding himself fairly in for it, confessed that he was after a lady of high rank, and that if he did not obtain letters of introduction, he should not probably find the means of entering the society in which she was found, and that as an officer who had served faithfully, he trusted that he should not be refused.

His Royal Highness laughed at his disclosure, and, as there was no objection to giving O'Donahue a letter or two, with his usual good nature ordered them to be written, and having given them to him, wished him every success. O'Donahue bowed to the ground, and quitted the Horse Guards, delighted with the success of his impudent attempt.

Being thus provided, the party set off in a vessel bound to Hamburg, where they arrived without any accident, although very sea-sick; from Hamburg they proceeded to Lubec, and re-embarked at Travemunde in a brig, which was bound for Riga; the wind was fair, and their passage was short. On their arrival they put up at an Hotel, and finding themselves in a country where English was not understood, O'Donahue, proceeded to the house of the English Consul, informing him that he was going on a secret mission to Petersburg, and showing, as evidences of his respectability and the truth of his assertions, the letters given him by his Royal Highness. These were quite sufficient for the Consul, who immediately offered his services. Not being able to procure a courier who could speak French or English at Riga, the Consul took a great deal of trouble to assist them in their long journey to Petersburg. He made out a list of the posts, the number of versts and the money that was to be paid; he changed some of O'Donahue's gold into Russian paper money, and gave all the necessary instructions. The great difficulty was to find any carriage to carry them to the capital, but at last they found an old cabriolet on four wheels

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which might answer, and bidding adieu to the Consul, they obtained horses and set off.

'Now, M'Shane, you must take care of the money, and pay the driver,' said O'Donahue, looking out several pieces of thick paper, some colored red, some blue, and others of a dirty white.

'Is this money?' said M'Shane, with astonishment.

'Yes, that's roubles.'

'Roubles, are they? I wonder what they'd call them in Ireland; they look like soup tickets.'

'Never mind. And now M'Shane, there are two words which the Consul has told me to make use of; one is *Scoro*, and when you say that, it means 'go fast,' and you hold up a small bit of money at the same time.'

'*Scoro!* that's a word I sha'n't forget.'

'But then there's another, which is *Scorae*.'

'And what may be the English of that?'

'Why that means 'go faster;' and with that you hold up a larger piece of money.'

'Why, then it's no use remembering *Scoro* at all, for *Scorae* will do much better; so we need not burthen ourselves with the first at all. Suppose we try the effect of that last word upon our bear-skin friend who is driving?'

M'Shane held up a rouble, and called out to the driver—'*Scorae!*' The fellow turned his head, smiled, and lashed his horses until they were at full speed, and then looked back at them for approval.

'By the powers that's no fool of a word! it will take us all the way to St. Petersburg as fast as we wish.'

'We do not sleep on the road, but travel night and day,' said O'Donahue, 'for there is no place worth sleeping at.'

'And the 'ating, O'Donahue?'

'We must get that by signs, for we have no other means.'

On that point they soon found they had no difficulty, and thus they proceeded, without speaking a word of the language, day and night, until they arrived at the capital.

At the entrance their passports were demanded and the officer at the guard-house came out and told them that a Cossack would accompany them. A Cossack, with a spear as long as a fir-tree, and a beard not quite so long, then took them in charge, and trotted before the carriage, the driver following him at a slow pace.

'A'nt we prisoners?' inquired M'Shane.

'I don't know, but it looks very like it,' replied O'Donahue.

This, however was not the case. The carriage drove to a splendid street called the Neffsky Perspective, and as soon as it stopped at the entrance of an hotel, the Cossack, after speaking to the landlord who came out, took his departure.

A journey of four hundred miles, day and night is no joke: our travellers fell fast asleep in their spacious apartment, and it was not till the next day that they found themselves clean and comfortable, Joey, being dressed in a rich livery, as a sort of page, and M'Shane doing duty as valet when others were present, and

when sitting alone with O'Donahue, taking his fair share of the bottle.

Two days after their arrival, the landlord procured for O'Donahue a courier, who could speak both English and French as well as Russian, and almost every other language. It was resolved by O'Donahue and M'Shane in council to dress him up in a splendid uniform, and a carriage having been hired for the month, O'Donahue felt that he was in a position to present his credentials to the English Ambassador and the other parties for whom he had received letters of introduction.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THERE IS SOME INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

For 300 roubles a month, O'Donahue had procured a drosky, very handsomely fitted up; the shaft-horse was a splendid trotter, and the other, a beautiful-shaped animal, capered about, curving its neck until his nose almost touched his knee, and prancing, so as to be the admiration of the passers-by. His coachman, whose name was Athenasis, had the largest beard in St. Petersburg; Joey was the smallest tiger; Dimitri one of the tallest and handsomest yagars. Altogether, Captain O'Donahue had laid out his money well; and on a fine, sunny day, he set off to present his letters to the English Ambassador and other parties. Although the letters were very short, it was quite sufficient that they were written by so distinguished and so universally beloved a person as his Royal Highness.—The Ambassador, Lord St. H., immediately desired O'Donahue to consider his house open to him, requesting the pleasure of his company to dinner on the following day, and offered to present him to the Emperor at the first levee.—O'Donahue took his leave, delighted with his success, and then drove to the hotel of the Princess Woronzoff, Count Nesselrode, and Prince Gallitzin, where he found himself equally well received. After his visits were all paid, O'Donahue sported his handsome equipage on the English and Russian quays, and up and down the Neffsky Perspective, for an hour or two, and then returned to the hotel.

'I am very sorry,' said O'Donahue, after he had narrated all that had taken place, 'that I permitted you to put yourself down on the passport in the foolish manner you have. You would have enjoyed yourself as much as I probably shall, and have been in your proper position in society.'

'Then I'm not sorry at all, O'Donahue, and I'll tell you why. I should have enjoyed myself, I do not doubt—but I should have enjoyed myself too much; and, after dining with Ambassadors, and Princes, and Counts, and all that thing—should I ever have gone back comfortable and contented to Mrs. M'Shane and the cook's shop? No, I—I'm not exactly reconciled, as it is; and if I were to be drinking champagne and ate French kickshaws with the Russian no-

bility for three or four months, dancing perhaps with princesses, and whispering in the ears of Duchesses, wouldn't my nose turn up with contempt at the beefsteak-pie, and poor Mrs. M'Shane, with all her kind smiles, look twice as corpulent as ever. No, no, I'm better here, and I'm a wise man, although I say it myself.'

'Well, perhaps you are, M'Shane; but still I do not like that I should be spending your money in this way without your having your share of it at least.'

'My share of it—now, O'Donahue, suppose I had come over here on my own account, where should I have been? I could not have mustered up the amiable impudence you did, to persuade the Commander-in-chief to give me letters to the Ambassador; nor could I have got up such a turn-out, nor have fitted the turn-out so well as you do. I should have been as stupid as an owl, just doing what I have done the whole of the blessed morning for want of your company—looking after one of the floating bridges across the river, and spitting into the stream just to add my mite to the Baltic Sea.'

'I'm sorry you were not better amused.'

'I was amused; for I was thinking of the good-humored face of Mrs M'Shane, which was much better than being in high company and forgetting her entirely. Let me alone for amusing myself after my own fashion, O'Donahue, and that's all I wish. I suppose you have heard nothing in your travels about your Powlish Princess?'

'Of course not; it will require some tact to bring in her name—I must do it as if by mere accident.'

'Shall I ask the courier if she is an acquaintance of his?'

'An acquaintance, M'Shane?'

'I don't mean on visiting terms; but if he knows anything about the family or where they live?'

'No, M'Shane, I think you had better not; we do not know much of him at present. I shall dine at the Ambassador's to-morrow, and there will be a large party.'

During the day, invitations for evening parties were brought in from the Prince Gallitzin and the Princess Woronzoff.

'The plot thickens fast, as the saying is,' observed M'Shane; 'you'll be certain to meet your fair lady at some of these places.'

'That is what I trust to do,' replied O'Donahue; 'if not, as soon as I'm intimate, I shall make inquiries about her; but we must first see how the land lies.'

O'Donahue dined at the Ambassador's, and went to the other parties, but did not meet with the object of his search. Being a good musician, he was much in request in so musical a society as that of St. Petersburg. The Emperor was still at his country palace, and O'Donahue had been more than a fortnight at the capital without there being an opportunity for the Ambassador to present him at court.

Dimitri, the person whom O'Donahue engaged as courier, was a very clever, intelligent fellow; and as he found that O'Donahue had all the lib-

erality of an Irishman, and was in every respect a most indulgent master, he soon had his interest at heart. Perhaps the most peculiar intimacy between O'Donahue and M'Shane, as a valet, assisted Dimitri in forming a good opinion of the former, as the hauteur and distance generally preserved by the English towards their domestics are very displeasing to the continental servants, who, if permitted to be familiar, will not only serve you more faithfully, but be satisfied with more moderate wages. Dimitri spoke English and French pretty well, German and Russian of course perfectly. He was a Russian by birth, had been brought up at the Foundling Hospital, at Moscow, and therefore was not a serf. He soon became intimate with M'Shane; and as soon as the latter discovered that there was no intention on the part of Dimitri to be dishonest, he was satisfied and treated him with cordiality.

'Tell your master this,' said Dimitri, 'never to give his opinion on political matters before any one while in Petersburg, or he will be reported to the government, and will be looked upon with suspicion. All the servants and couriers here, indeed every third person you meet is an agent of police.'

'Then it's not at all unlikely that you're one yourself,' replied M'Shane.

'I am so,' replied Dimitri, coolly, 'and all the better for your master. I shall be ordered to make my report in a few days, and I shall not fail to do so.'

'And what will they ask you?' inquired M'Shane.

'They will ask me first who and what your master is? Whether I have discovered from you, if he is of family and importance in his own country. Whether he has expressed any political opinions? and whether I have discovered the real business which brought him here?'

'And what will you reply to all this?' asked M'Shane.

'Why, I hardly know. I wish I knew what he wished me to say, for he is a gentleman whom I am very fond of, and that's the truth; perhaps you can tell me.'

'Why, yes, I know a good deal about him, that's certain. As for his family, there's not a better in Ireland or England, for he's royal if he had his right.'

'What!' exclaimed Dimitri.

'As sure as I'm sitting in this old arm chair, didn't he bring letters from the brother of the present King? does that go for nothing in this country of yours, or do you value men by the length of their beards?'

'Men are valued here not by their titles, but by their rank as officers. A general is a greater man than a Prince,' replied Dimitri.

'With all my heart, for then I'm somebody,' replied M'Shane.

'You?' replied the courier.

'I mean my master, returned M'Shane, correcting himself, 'for he's an officer, and a good one too.'

'Yes, that may be; but you said yourself,' re-

plied the courier, laughing. 'My good friend, a valet to any one in Petersburg is no better than one of the mujiks who work in the streets.—Well, I know that our master is an officer, and of high rank; as for his political opinions I have never heard him express any, except his admiration of the city, and of course of the Emperor.' 'Most decidedly; and of the Empress, also,' replied M'Shane.

'That is not at all necessary,' continued Dimitri, laughing. 'In fact, he has no business to admire the Empress.'

'But he admires the government and the laws,' said M'Shane; 'and you may add, my good fellow—the army and the navy—by the powers, he's all admiration, all over!—you may take my word for it.'

'Well, I will do so; but then there is one other question to reply to, which is, why did he come here? what is his business?'

'To look about him, to be sure; to spend his money, like a gentleman; to give his letters of introduction, and to amuse himself,' replied M'Shane. 'But this is dry talking; so, Dimitri, order a bottle of Champagne, and then we'll wet our whistles before we go on.'

'Champagne! will your master stand that?' inquired Dimitri.

'Stand it, to be sure, and he'd be very angry if he thought I did not make myself comfortable. Tell them to put it down in the bill for me; if they doubt the propriety, let them ask my master.'

Dimitri went and ordered the Champagne.—As soon as they had a glass, Dimitri observed, 'Your master is a fine liberal fellow, and I would serve him to the last day of my life; but you see that the reasons you give for your master being here are the same as are given by every body else, whether they come as spies or secret emissaries, or to foment insurrection; that answer, therefore, is considered as no answer at all by the police, (although very often a true one,) and they will try to find out whether it is so or not.'

'What other cause can a gentleman like him have for coming here? He is not going to dirty his hands with speculation, information, or any other botchification,' replied M'Shane, tossing off his glass.

'I don't say so; but his having letters from the King's brother, will be considered suspicious.'

'The devil it will! now in our country that would only create a strong suspicion that he was a real gentleman—that's all.'

'You don't understand this country,' replied Dimitri.

'No, it beats my comprehension entirely, and that's a fact; so fill up your glass. I hope it's not treason; but if it is, I can't help saying it. My good friend, Dimitri—'

'Stop,' said Dimitri, rising and shutting the door, 'now what is it?'

'Why just this; I haven't seen one good-looking woman since I've been in this good-looking town of yours; now, that's the truth.'

'There's more truth than treason in that,' re-

plied the courier; but still there are some beautiful women among the higher classes.'

'It's to be hoped so, for they have left none for the lower.'

'We have very beautiful women in Poland,' said the courier.

'Why don't you bring a few here, then?' said M'Shane.

'There are a great many Polish ladies in Petersburg at this moment.'

'Then go down and order another bottle, and we'll drink their healths.'

The second bottle was finished, and M'Shane, who had been drinking before, became less cautious.

'You said,' observed he, 'that you have many Polish ladies in Petersburg; did you ever hear of a Princess Czartowinsky; I think that's the name?'

'Czartorinski, you mean,' replied Dimitri; 'to be sure I do; I served in the family some years ago, when the old Prince was alive. But where did you see her?'

'In England, to be sure.'

'Well, that's probable, for she has just returned from travelling with her uncle.'

'Is she now in Petersburg, my good fellow?'

'I believe she is—but why do you wish to know?'

'Merely asked—that's all.'

'Macshanovich,' for such was the familiar way in which Dimitri addressed his supposed brother servant; 'I suspect this Princess Czartorinski is some way connected with your master's coming here. Tell me the truth—is such the case? I'm sure it is.'

'Then you know more than I do,' replied M'Shane, correcting himself, 'for I'm not exactly in my master's secrets—all that I do know is, that my master met her in England, and I thought her very handsome.'

'And so did he?'

'That's as may be, between ourselves; I've an idea he was a little smitten in that quarter; but that's only my own opinion, nothing more.'

'Has he ever spoken about her since you were here?' said Dimitri.

'Just once, as I handed his waistcoat to him; he said—'I wonder if all the ladies are as handsome as that Polish Princess that we met in Cumberland?'

'If I thought he wished it, or cared for her, I would make inquiry, and soon find out all about her; but otherwise, it's of no use taking the trouble,' replied the courier.

'Well, then, will you give me your hand, and promise to serve faithfully, if I tell you all I know about the matter?'

'By the blessed St. Nicholas, I do!' replied Dimitri; 'you may trust me.'

'Well, then, it's my opinion that my master's over head and ears in love with her, and has come here for no other purpose.'

'Well, I'm glad you told me that; it will satisfy the police.'

'The police; why murder and Irish! you're not going to inform the police, you villain.'

'Not with whom he is in love, most certainly,

but that he has come here on that account; it will satisfy them, for they have no fear of a man that's in love, and he will not be watched. Depend upon it, I cannot do a better thing to serve our master.

'Well, then, perhaps you are right. I don't like this Champagne—get a bottle of Burgundy, Dimitri. Don't look so hard—it's all right—The Captain dines out every day, and has ordered me to drink for the honor of the house.'

'He is a capital master,' replied Dimitri, who had begun to feel the effects of the former bottles.

As soon as the third bottle was tapped, M'Shane continued—

'Now, Dimitri, I've given my opinion, and I can tell you, if my master has, as I suspect, come here about this young lady, and succeeds in obtaining her, it will be a blessed thing for you and I; for he's as generous as the day, and has plenty of money. Do you know who she is?'

'To be sure I do; she is an only daughter of the late Prince Czartorinski, and now a sort of ward under the protection of the Emperor. She inherits all the estates, except one which was left to found an hospital at Warsaw, and is a rich heiress. It is supposed the Emperor will bestow her hand upon one of his generals. She is at the Palace, and a maid of honor to the Empress.'

'Whew!' whistled M'Shane, 'won't there be a difficulty?'

'I should think so,' replied the courier, gravely. 'He must run away with her,' said M'Shane, after a pause. 'How will he get to see her?'

'He will not see her, so as to speak with her in the palace, that is not the custom here, but he might meet her elsewhere.'

'To be sure, at a party or a ball,' said M'Shane.

'No, that would not do, ladies and gentlemen keep very much apart here in general company. He might say a word or two when dancing, but that is all.'

'But how is he to meet her in this cursed place of yours, if men and women keep at arm's length?'

'That must depend upon her. Tell me, does she love him?'

'Well, now, that's a home question; she never told him she did, and she never told me, that's certain; but still I've an idea that she does.'

'Then all I can say, Macshanovich, is, that your master had better be very careful what he is about. Of course he knows not that you have told me any thing; but as soon as he thinks proper to trust me, I will then do my utmost in his service.'

'You speak like a very rational, sensible, intelligent courier,' replied M'Shane, 'and so now let us finish the bottle. Here's good luck to Captain O'Donahue, alive or dead: and now—please the flies—I'll be asleep in less than ten minutes.'

NAPOLÉON'S GRAVE.

[From a Hampshire paper.]

Disturb him not! he slumbers well
On his rock mid the western deep,
Where the broad blue waters round him swell,
And the tempests o'er him sweep.
O leave him, where his mountain bed
Looks o'er the Atlantic wave,
And the mariner high in the far gray sky
Points out Napoleon's grave.

There, midst three mighty continents,
That trembled at his word,
Wrapt in his shroud of airy cloud
Sleeps Europe's warrior lord:
And there on the heights still seems to stand
At eve his shadowy form:
His gray capote on the mist to float,
And his voice in the midnight storm.

Disturb him not! though bleak and bare,
That spot is all his own;
And truer homage was paid him there
Than on his hard-won throne.
Earth's trembling monarchs there at bay
The caged lion kept;
For they knew with dread that his iron tread
Woke earthquakes where he stepped.

Disturb him not! vain France, thy clime
No resting-place supplies,
So meet, so glorious, so sublime,
As that where thy hero lies.
Mock not that grim and mouldering wreck!
Revere that bleaching brow;
Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
A puppet pageant now!

Born in a time when blood and crime
Raged through thy realm at will,
He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
And the storm at once was still.
He reared from the dust thy prostrate state;
Thy war flag wide unfurled;
And bade thee thunder at every gate
Of the capitals of the world.

And will ye from his rest dare call
The thunderbolt of war,
To grin and chatter around his pall,
And scream your "Vive la gloire?"
Shall melo-dramic obsequies
His honored dust deride?
Forbidden human sympathies!
Forbidden Gallic pride!

What, will no withering thought occur,
No thrill of cold mistrust,
How empty all this pomp and stir
Above a little dust?
And will it not your pageant dim,
Your arrogance rebuke,
To see what now remains of him,
Who once the empires shook?

Then let him rest in his stately couch
Beneath the open sky,
Where the wild waves dash, and the lightnings flash,
And the storms go wailing by.
Yes, let him rest! such men as he
Are of no time or place;
They live for ages yet to be,
They die for all their race.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART 3.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH GEORGE IS INTRODUCED TO VARIOUS FRIENDS OF A PECULIAR CHARACTER.

When Bull had sufficiently recovered from the shock so suddenly induced by his clerk's gross and glaring indiscretion, he repaired to the office, accompanied by George, with the view of having the culprit before him.

As they entered, poor Jones became in an instant almost a dead man; the very sight of them threw him into a state of perspiration the most free and unpleasant, while he trembled with sufficient violence to render loose and lively every joint of the stool upon which he sat. He experienced then the feelings of a culprit indeed: nay, had he that moment been about to be hanged, it is questionable whether he could have felt worse. Bull looked at him severely—ferociously! He, however, said nothing, but passed through the office into his own private room, with the aspect of a man conscious of having made up his mind to do something.

But here he became nearly as tremulous as Jones! He could not prevail upon his knees to be tranquil—they would knock together; and as his heart beat in spite of him audibly, he looked like a dead individual galvanized, seeing that while he was as pale as a ghost, his arms, legs—nay, every muscle, appeared to be influenced by one universal convulsion.

'Be calm,' said George: 'you will make yourself ill again. Come, come, sit down, and be cool.'

'I am in such a passion, I am,' cried Bull.—'I don't know what to do with myself, my dear boy. The sight of that fellow has driven me mad, it has! Never, never will I trust him again.'

'Well, well, tell him so calmly. Shall I call him in? There—now be composed. Mr Jones,' he added, on opening the door, 'step this way.'

Jones turned upon his stool, and presented one of the most wretched countenances ever beheld. His appearance altogether was particularly miserable: he looked in consequence ten years older at least; but, albeit his heart sank within him, he managed to crawl to the door.

'Come in, sir!' cried Bull. 'Now then, sir, don't you *think* you're a very pretty fellow?'

Jones did not say whether he did or not, but it was at that moment abundantly manifest that if he did, he flattered himself most grossly.

'What have you to say, sir, to this—this—treacherous conduct? What—what have you to say?'

Jones really had nothing to say, and said nothing.

'Are you not ashamed, sir, to look me in the face?'

This question was altogether supererogatory. Jones made no attempt at all to look him in the face; he stood trembling with his hands thrust to the bottom of his trousers-pockets, and looking as straight down his nose as he possibly could look. The question, therefore, charged him by implication with an offence of which he was by no means guilty.

'You have been in my employ,' continued Bull, who had it all his own way, 'for the last fifteen years; for fifteen years, sir, you have had my confidence, you have; and you know it;—but after this week your services will not be required. A drunkard!—a man that goes out and gets drunk! a fellow that drinks till he's intoxicated! a fool that swills away till he can't see! a sot that loses all reason and sense! Can there be a worse character?—I could do you a mischief, I could!' he added, clenching his fists fiercely, as if about to exhibit his pugilistic prowess. 'I could break every bone in your skin I could. What did you get for betraying us? Who bought you up?'

Jones, who had been silent and passive before, now drew his hands out of his pockets, and spoke.

'Do you think that I sold myself?' said he.

'Silence!' said Bull, who perceived that he had been carried a little too far.

'But I will not be silent! call me a fool, a sot, a drunkard, any thing you please but a villain, and I'll bear it, but I cannot bear that. No! I am *not* a villain!'

'No, no, no,' interrupted George; 'I ascribe the betrayal of confidence to folly alone. I will go no farther than that.'

'Mr Julian, sir,' said Jones, 'I deserve to be kicked from Temple-bar to Aldgate-pump; I could hit my own head off, sir—cut my own throat—do any thing,—I am so mad with myself; but I am but a fool, sir, nothing worse than that.'

'You are a scoundrel, sir!' cried Bull; 'for what is it but scoundrelism to rob men of a hundred thousand pounds?'

'Come, come,' said George, soothingly. 'It is useless to employ harsh terms. I don't believe that Jones would rob any man of a shilling. He has been guilty of an act of folly,—I must say an act of monstrous folly; but here let it rest: he will remember till the day of his death

that it cost him ten thousand pounds, and by the constant recollection of that, I imagine, he will be quite sufficiently punished.'

Jones shook his head mournfully, and thrust his hands again into his pockets.

'It is a bad job,' continued George, 'a very bad job; but it cannot be helped; we had better say no more about it.'

'But I'll not have him here,' cried Bull.—'What confidence can I have in a fellow like that? Leave the room, sir!—I hate the very sight of you, I do!'

Jones obeyed, and when he had done so, Bull became more calm, and having explained to George again and again, that he should always be happy to place at his command whatever money he might require for speculative purposes, they parted.

On the following day Bull called upon George, accompanied by a Mr. Augustus Alexander Cavendish, an extremely plump and pompous little person, who, having heard of George's quicksilver project, had expressed himself anxious to obtain an introduction.

'Mr Cavendish,' said Bull, presenting him, 'a friend of mine.'

'I am proud, sir, to know you, Mr. Julian,' said Cavendish, grasping George's hand and shaking it warmly. 'It is one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced. It is worth, sir, any pecuniary money to be introduced to a kindred spirit, a man of genius and comprehensive intellect. I have heard of you, sir, from our mutual friend Bull, and all I can say is that I am proud, sir, to know you.'

George bowed, and felt flattered of course; but he could not understand why this gentleman should on so short a notice be so desperately affectionate! He was not, however, allowed to think much about it then, for Mr Cavendish immediately resumed:—

'My friend Bull and I sir, have entered into many commercial transactions of a mercantile nature, and we have flattered ourselves—eh, haven't we, Bull?—that some of them were rather ingenious; but I have no hesitation in saying, Mr. Julian, that you have beaten us all into fits. Don't tell me that a thing isn't good because it fails through the foolish folly of a fool. I'll not hear it! The ingenious ingenuity of the thing is what I look at; that's the point, whether it be carried or not. Mr Julian! you must do me the honor to dine with me; name your own day. I shall have two or three choice spirits to meet you. You and I must be better acquainted, Mr. Julian! We shall be able to do something mutually together which will be a highly advantageous benefit to both. We'll astonish the world, sir! We can do it, eh? You and I are the only men, sir! But when will you come? Say to-morrow, and our old friend here will come with you.'

'No, you must excuse me,' said Bull, 'I can't stand it; I haven't got over that business yet, I haven't.'

'Sir,' cried Mr Cavendish, 'that—what's his name?—Jones—that Jones ought to be smothered. He's ten times worse than a felonious

felon. Transportation's too good for him. He isn't fit to live upon the face of the earth. However, you'll do me the honor, Mr Julian: will to-morrow be convenient?'

'Perfectly so.'

'Then be it to-morrow at six. Allow me to present you with one of my cards. You had better join us, Bull?'

'No, no, I dare not. I feel that I'm not getting younger, I do.'

'Well, then, I suppose I mustn't press you; only I conceive an idea, that you'll do yourself more good by dining off a capital good dinner, than by physicicking your inside with physic.—However, if you'll not, it's decidedly decided. Mr Julian,' he added, again taking George by the hand, 'adieu. Allow me once more to express the pleasure our friend's introduction has afforded. Are you going my way, Bull?'

'No sir,' replied Bull, 'I am going the other way.'

'Which other?'

'Eastward.'

'Well, that's my way; come along. Adieu, Mr. Julian! Ta, ta!'

They then left together, which George much regretted, being anxious to ascertain who and what his tautological friend was. He was not, however, long in suspense, for Bull, having inspired a notion which never struck him before, that a very close intimacy between George and Cavendish would in all probability be somewhat prejudicial to his own private interest, soon returned, with the ostensible view of putting George on his guard.

'I'd advise you to be cautious,' said he, 'of that Cavendish. He's a very specious fellow, he is. If you happen to have any transactions together, deal with him exactly as you would with a rogue.'

'Indeed! You introduced him to me as your friend!'

'So I did. In a commercial point of view, every one is a friend whom a man can get anything out of. But, my boy, there are dangerous friends, there are, let me tell you.'

'But if he be dangerous, why did you introduce him?'

'Oh, I don't mean to say there's anything wrong about him! I always speak as I find; and I must say, that in all our dealings together I have found him upright and downstraight. But he has made a mint of money, he has, and rapidly, and nobody knows how; we only know it hasn't been made in a regular way.'

'In the regular way! The instances in which men have made rapid fortunes in the regular way are not, I apprehend, very numerous.'

'No, no; but what I look at, is this;—it was but the other day that he hadn't a pound in his pocket, and now he drives his carriage and four.'

'Well, it was but the other day that I hadn't a pound; and yet, had our speculation succeeded, why—I might have driven a carriage and four.'

'Yes, but that's another thing! You have

had a superior education, you have; he never had any education at all; he never went to school in his life; he can't write his own name, he can't, legibly.'

'Well; I see nothing extraordinary in that. In this country the most illiterate men make the largest fortunes.'

'So they do—so they do; but then I hear that he has very queer associates. However, I mention these things, you know, merely in order to put you on your guard.'

'Very proper—said George, who saw the motive with great distinctness,—'very correct and very friendly.'

'Why, I knew that fellow—a little grub, sir, whose only occupation was that of carrying a pan of sheep's heads to the baker's, when his father kept a tripe shop in the Minorities, and his mother used to cater for the cats; and yet now look at him! he lives like a prince: and I'll venture to say, that the jewelry he has about him—his watch, rings, eyeglass, brooches, and chains—didn't cost less than five hundred pounds.'

'Well, I shouldn't be surprised: but some people you know, are remarkably fortunate.'

'Fortunate, sir! Fortune smiles so mysteriously upon them, she does: that puzzles the world. But you will see, and judge for yourself, you will; only be cautious.'

George thanked him for his advice, and promised to keep his eyes open; and when Bull had again, with great energy, denounced the diabolical treachery of Jones, he left, expressly with a view of telling that wretched individual what he thought of him then.

At the appointed hour the next day, George proceeded to keep his engagement with Cavendish, and on arriving at his mansion in Mayfair, found that Bull had not given an exaggerated description of the style in which he lived.—George was announced three times before he was ushered into the presence; but here all formality ceased, for Cavendish flew to him as he entered, and grasped both his hands with an expression of ecstasy, and shook them with exuberant warmth: indeed, had he felt sure of making twenty thousand pounds by him that very day, he could not have received him with greater cordiality.

George was the first arrival; but he had not been three minutes in the room before Mr Horatio Oswald Tynte was announced; and when Mr. Horatio Oswald Tynte had been welcomed by Cavendish, he was duly presented to George. Mr. Tynte was an exquisite of the most exalted caste. He was frightfully overdressed, and waved his hand with an air; but as he walked upon his toes and twisted his hips at every step, and spoke pseudo-aristocratic drawl, it was clear to the quick perception of George that Mr Horatio Oswald Tynte was not a gentleman.

The next arrival was that of a smiling little fellow, who evidently belonged to that peculiar class who, while they are willing to do any thing for others, and able to do nothing for themselves, are the most constant butts of those whom they most constantly serve. His name was Wee-

sense, but he was known by his associates as the 'Immortal Peter.' Nature, it appears, had designated him for a fag. He was never so happy as when running about with the view of promoting the interests of others; he was then active, zealous, indefatigable; he would go to work with spirit and resolution; but in all matters in which his own interests were involved, he was the most nervous, timid, irresolute dog alive. He seemed to think that men were formed to attend to each other's business, that no man ought to be expected to look after his own; at least, he felt, and that strongly, that as he did all he could for every friend, every friend would consider himself bound to do all he could for him. His was, therefore, essentially a life of disappointments, while his strict adherence to this great mistake kept him continually poor.

The next man announced was decidedly one of the ugliest men Nature ever invented. He was a tall, stout, finely-formed, muscular fellow, possessing evidently Herculean strength, but his countenance presented a most extraordinary specimen of ugliness, and he was in consequence commonly called the Beauty. In fact, as 'The Beauty' he was introduced to George; but the introduction had hardly taken place, when Cavendish asked him what he would bet.

'Nothing, mind yar! Safe to half a second!' replied the Beauty.

'I can stand six to four,' rejoined Cavendish.

'It won't do, mind yar—a robbery.'

'What is the object of the bet?' inquired George.

'Why you see,' replied the Beauty, 'you see, mind yar—you'll see him in a minute—always keeps his appointments to the sixteenth fraction of a second. He's never before and never after the time nominated, mind yar. I'd back him any day against the sun. There's nothing like him alive. What d'yer think he sticks up for? Why, mind yar, that it's just as incorrect to be before as behind. And how d'yer think he proves it? I'll tell yar. He says, because a watch that's a minute too fast is as wrong as a watch that's a minute too slow. What d'yer think of that? Now just look at yer watch. Is it right by St. Paul's?'

'It was right by the Horse-Guards at twelve.'

'Then that's of no use: it must be by St Paul's. Now, Petar, where's yours?'

'I left it at home,' replied the Immortal.

'You left it at home! Why you know that's a romance of deep interest, mind yar! You've lent it to a relation of yours to take care of!—Don't blush, Petar!—Oh, don't blush!—mine's in the selfsame respectable custody; and, mind yar, I'll bet a million, the man isn't alive who can tell me within a month when it'll be out.—But I say, mind yar, who's got a watch?'

'All correctly right,' observed Cavendish, who held his in his hand. 'It wants a moment of a minute to the time.'

'Well, Petar,' said the Beauty, 'what'll you bet the first blow of the knocker is not given before I count five.'

'I'll bet you a shilling,' cried the Immortal, promptly, for he thought it a very safe bet.

'Make it a pound, mind yar?'

'No, no, a shilling.'

'Well, put the money down. Now then: One—'

'Well, go on!' cried the Immortal, who was very impatient.

'Don't hurry a man, mind yar!—Two—'

'Now then! Count away!'

'Be patient; Petar! nothing like patience.—Patience is a virtue, a great virtue, Petar:—Three—'

'Oh, that's a shame!—it's not fair at all!—too bad!—oh!—' exclaimed the Immortal, at appropriate intervals, while George, Tynte, and Cavendish were roaring with laughter. 'Now, is it fair?—Oh! I'll put it to any one.'

'Four!' cried the Beauty. 'Look out for the next, Petar. Mind yar, only one more!'

The Immortal now clearly perceived that he was victimised, and appealed energetically to George as the Beauty proceeded to the sofa, upon which he sat with an aspect of imperturbable gravity, until he heard the well-known knock of his 'werry particular friend,' when he exclaimed, 'There you are, mind yar!—Five!'

The Immortal, it must be confessed, did not approve of this at all; but he had not sufficient time to express his private feelings on the subject, before Foster—a shaggy-browed, heavy, cold-hearted looking man, was ushered into the room.

'Artful again!' cried the Beauty, addressing this very particular friend of his. 'So you've been standing at the door with the knocker in your hand again, counting the seconds, eh?—werry deep, mind yar!'

Mr. Foster indulged in a very solemn chuckle, and made a few passing observations to George, whom he regarded most intently.

Dinner was now announced, and they proceeded to the dining-room, where George found every thing sumptuous and *recherche*; but neither he, Tynte, Foster, nor Cavendish were able to eat with any degree of comfort; for the Beauty, while he himself ate gravely and heartily, managed to keep them in one continual roar, by virtue of rallying the immortal Peter.

On the cloth being removed, however, this was discountenanced, and subjects of a more serious character were opened and discussed in a style which clearly proved that all present had acquired much practical knowledge of the world. The speculative mania of the day was of course the chief topic of conversation; and George soon found, not only that his new friends were perfectly conversant with the wild schemes which characterized that period of recklessness and ruin, but that they were actually the projectors of many of the worst, from which they were reaping a most abundant harvest.

'The folly of the public,' observed George, on being appealed to, 'is amazing. On speculative matters men are absolutely mad. They rush headlong into the most palpable snares with their eyes open. But this state of things cannot last; it must speedily end in the ruin of thousands.'

'And serve them quite right!' cried Cavendish. 'If they will be such visionary fools, they

of course deserve to suffer for their folly. They have had plenty of warnings, they are warned every day.'

'And the more they are warned, the more reckless they become. They will not receive warnings; they will act upon their own judgment, the soundness of which has never been tested by experience, while they utterly repudiate the experience of others.'

'And very proper, mind yar,' suggested the Beauty. 'What would become of all our dodges if every body, mind yar, was down to the move?'

'Dodges!—and down to the move! This is strange,' thought George, 'I must draw these people out! It is clear,' said he, addressing the Beauty, 'that if people in general knew as much as we know, there would not be much business done under the row.'

'I believe yar, mind yar!'

'And—aw—I don't—aw—see,' interposed Mr. Tynte, 'why—aw—their eyes should be opened—aw—positively.'

'Of course not,' rejoined the philanthropic Cavendish. 'Let them be closed—ay, and let them be kept closed, till we have made our game. When money is to be made, Mr Julian, you and I and all other kindred spirits ought to make it; and that this is the time for making money, you know as well as any man in England. And what does it matter how, so long as it is made? That's my maxim. We mustn't in these times be over fastidious. Money-making forms the chief business of a man's life, and he who is above his business never can succeed.'

As these and other equally striking observations met with general approval, George inspired the belief that their notions of honor were of a rather peculiar caste. He allowed them, notwithstanding, to go on unchecked—nay, he even encouraged them to proceed; and, as they all felt convinced of his being 'a kindred spirit' in reality, they warmed upon the subject, and became so communicative at length, that his belief was beyond doubt confirmed. Their ingenuity in dishonorable transactions formed their boast; they related their projects with feelings of pride; they made no sort of secret of their schemes; to them they were a prolific source of amusement, for they conceived an adherence to honor to be the distinguishing characteristic of fools.

The silence, however, of Foster, during the whole of this highly intellectual conversation, struck George as being extraordinary. He had scarcely spoken a word, and as he sat sipping his wine and listening attentively to his friends, he made no sort of motion by which a stranger could understand whether he approved of the sentiments uttered or not. The impression upon George's mind was, that he did not subscribe to those sentiments; but this impression was speedily removed by the Beauty, who undertook to explain, for the exclusive edification of George, the crack character of his particular friend Foster's last 'dodge.'

'Oh, that was nothing,' said Foster; 'it's hardly worth telling.'

'Oh, isn't it, mind yar? You found it worth doing. You're too modest by half for to live in this world. But, I say, what have you done with your friend the Scotchman?'

'I can do nothing with him—the thing is so absurd.'

'I think as you think,' observed Cavendish; 'and yet I think that something might be done in it too. I should like Mr. Julian to see him now; he'd be the man. He's in the Fleet, still, I suppose?'

'Ay, and likely to remain there. I don't believe that any thing can be done.'

'What is the nature of the business?' inquired George.

'Why the fact of the matter, as far as I understand it, is this; the fellow's a Scotchman, who, when a youth, ran away from home, and went to join in the struggle for South American independence, as a mere common soldier. He fought well—that I believe; he looks just the sort of fellow to fight, and the consequence was, he got promoted, until at length he became a general officer. Very well; now, while he was abroad, he got in with a swell who is the king of Poyais, or the Mosquito-shore; they became very intimate; indeed, so much so, that the chief did him the honor to create him cazique—which is a prince or something of that—and to give him many hundred miles of land, and the long and short of it is, that he wants, very naturally, to turn this land to some account.'

'Peter,' cried the Beauty, 'you'd better buy it, mind yar.'

'Well, it strikes me,' said George, 'that something might be done even with that. What sort of a country is it?'

'Oh beautifully beautiful, *he says*, of course!' replied Cavendish; 'but I hear that the country is so equally divided, that the one half of it is wood and the other half waste. But call upon him. You may do some business together. Go and see him: he's always at home; you want no introduction; you can say you heard of him through us. What do you think?'

'Oh, I'll call upon him to-morrow, and hear what he has to say. I don't regard the matter as hopeless.'

But they evidently did; and being, therefore, by no means apprehensive of having relinquished an opportunity which they ought to have embraced, they smiled at each other, and the subject was changed.

As the evening advanced, they threw off all restraint; but George, who had taken care to keep himself cool, weighed the importance of every sentence delivered. He found it no longer necessary to read their thoughts, for they expressed them with the most perfect freedom, and thus enabled him to see their true characters clearly; but, although to a thoughtless, weak-minded man an association with such persons would have been dangerous in the extreme, to George, who was ever on his guard, and whom the ephemeral splendor which crime will sometimes induce could not dazzle, it was harmless; for he had resolutely made up his mind to inflict no intentional injury upon any

creature breathing, but to adhere so far to the principles of commercial honor as to enter into no speculation of which merchants in general would be ashamed. He had, therefore, no fear of being corrupted; he felt, in fact, conscious that no temptation could shake the resolution he had formed; and as the general conversation was not only instructive but amusing, he enjoyed himself highly.

When it became rather late, and George thought of taking leave, Cavendish called upon the Beauty to exhibit his antiques.

'He can do them,' said he, addressing George, 'to the most perfect perfection. There's no man on the stage can equal him at all.'

'I flatter myself, mind yar,' said the Beauty, 'there isn't. Them fellows don't look at the pints, and that makes 'em bad actors, mind yar. Look at Shakspeare! he was a clever man, mind yar, that Shakspeare!—but if I'd been by the side of him while he was writing, I'd have put him up to pints that would have made his plays better! Look at Hamlet! That's a very good play is that Hamlet; but look at the pints! I don't mean, mind yar, to say he ought to have acted right and left upon the mere information he got from the ghost; but when he proved out and out that his uncle killed his father, instead of dilly-dallying as Shakspeare has made him do, mind yar, he ought without any delay to have gone in and given him one for his nob.'

'Well, we don't want to hear about Hamlet,' said Cavendish. 'Come, let us have the antiques.'

'Oh! I'll do 'em, but that only shows yar the pints. Now, Petar! now look alive, mind yar! Clear the decks while I strip, and then get me a carving-knife, mind yar, a basin, a shovel, and a large sarcepan-lid.'

Accordingly, George, Tynte, and Cavendish cleared the table, while the Immortal was getting the things required; and when all had been prepared, to the entire satisfaction of the Beauty—who, having nothing on him then but his flannel-shirt, stockings, and trousers, looked a beauty indeed—mounted the table, and opened his shoulders to begin.

'Now, the first I shall do,' said he, 'is Ajax defying the lightning. Now, Ajax was a Greek swell, mind yar. But there was a couple of Ajaxes, one of 'em slaughtered a whole flock of sheep, which he took for a whole mob of men, after drinking, of course, lots of wines and champaints. But this isn't him. This is the Ajax which went for a sailor, and which, on being shipwrecked, swam to a rock, where the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed above his head, for which he didn't care a dump, as I'll show yar.'

He then struck an admirable attitude, one which developed his muscles to perfection: a sculptor would have been in raptures; for he was one of the finest models ever beheld. George applauded him highly, and so did Cavendish and Tynte, while the immortal Peter's ecstacy was perfectly unbounded.

'Werry good, Petar! werry encouraging,' cried the Beauty; 'you're a capital audience,

mind yar! Now the basin. The next I shall do,' he added, having fixed the basin upon his head, with the view of conveying an idea of the *petasus*, 'is Mercury. Now, Mercury, mind yar, was an out-and-out thief. He began werry early. We hear a great talk in the present day about juvenile delinquency, but what do you think of him? he stole a whole lot of cows the very day he was born! Look at that. He couldn't have began much earlier, mind yar!—But he rayley was howdacious; indeed, so howdacious they made him a god. He is what they call, mind yar, the tutelary god of pickpockets and merchants. He presides over the artful classes of the community.

'On the fifteenth of every blessed May it was regular for the Merchants of Rome to hold a festival in honor of him, mind yar, when they sacrificed a whole lot of animal's tongues, to induce him to whitewash them, mind yar, from all the artful measures they had used and all the falsehoods they had uttered in the regular way of business. This shows yer how much he was respected for being an ingenious swell, and ingenuity will be respected, not only among merchants and pick-pockets, mind yar, but wherever it is to be found. Now then,' he added, 'this is him! What d'yer think of that, Petar?'

Again he was loudly applauded, and having remained in Mercury's most approved position for a sufficient length of time, he half extinguished the immortal Peter with the basin, and said:

'The fighting gladiator, mind yar, is the next. Now the gladiators of Rome were all werry brave fellows, but they never had a fair stand-up fight.. They knowed little or nothing about real science. They wouldn't fight with their naked fists, they would have something in them, which, mind yar, was not at all the thing. It was all werry well, you know, when Spartacus led 'em on to knock down the soldiers, because they deserved it; but, had they lived in the present day, they wouldn't have been suffered to enter the ring. This is the way they used to spar; but come up here, Petar!—let you into a secret!'

The Immortal declined this polite invitation, and the Beauty proceeded—

'Now,' said he, when he had done with the gladiator, 'I shall now show yar Hercules a struggling with the Nemæan lion. This Hercules was a rattler. There was no mistake about him.—When an infant in the cradle, he settled the business of a couple of serpents by taking and squeezing 'em to death. After that he killed a lion, but it wasn't the other lion, it was another, and then what they call his twelve labors, commenced. Well, the first of these labors was the catching and killing of the out-and-out lion of Nemæa, and when he had caught him, this here is the position in which he then stood.'

He then suddenly seized the immortal Peter by the throat, with the view of illustrating this position with the greatest possible effect, and it cannot be denied that it was most effective.

'Now the last I shall give yar is Achilles,' he continued, having let the Immortal loose.—

'Now Petar! the sarcepan lid and the carving-knife, mind yar!'

But Peter, who had been more than half-strangled, declined the honor of approaching the table again; Cavendish, however, handed the articles in question, and the Beauty returned.

'Now, mind yar,' said he, 'this Achilles was a warrior, which his mother plunged into the Styx when a child, and made every inch of him invulnerable, except the heel by which she held on. Now as his mother didn't like him to go to war, she disguised him as a female; but as he made himself familiar with the ladies about the court he was soon discovered, mind yar; and when she had got Vulcan to make him a suit of armor, proof against all weapons in the world, he went to war, and did great execution. Well, after cutting away for about ten years, he fell in love with a girl which Paris thought he'd the best right to; and therefore while Achilles was courting her in the temple, Paris stuck an arrow into his vulnerable heel, and thus settled his business. But that's not the pint. The pint is when he's fighting, and then he stood in this way, mind yar, and a capital position it is.'

Having sufficiently illustrated the beauty of this position, he descended amidst loud applause; and while he was carefully putting on his clothes behind the screen, the immortal Peter was engaged in reloading the table. George, however, felt that it was then high time for them to separate; and as this feeling appeared to be generally prevalent, they almost simultaneously rose, and having expressed themselves delighted with the evening's entertainment, had bumpers round and parted.

PART 4. CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE COMMENCES A SPECULATION WITH HIS HIGHNESS THE CAZIQUE OF FOYAIS.

There is probably nothing which tends to destroy the business of professional swindlers more than the practice of imprisoning persons for debt. It is a wise law which says in effect, 'Make many rogues that roguery may not be confined to a few.' It is wise, because by confining roguish practices to a few, you create a monopoly, and monopolies being pernicious, ought not to be upheld. Trade ought to be open, it ought to be free, competition ought clearly to be unlimited; and to prove that our rulers have for ages understood and appreciated the importance of this proposition, they have established and supported various beautiful prisons designed exclusively for debtors, in the perfect conviction that they are the only universities in England in which the education of men possessed of rotten principles, can be rendered complete. Nor is the benefit confined to men whose principles may be said to be too far gone to be restored;—the instruction imparted comprehends even the elements of roguery; tyros are taught with amazing expedition; nay, even those who have no wish to learn, get in a short time so thorough-

ly grounded in the science, that it may with perfect safety be asserted, that out of every hundred men who matriculate, ninety-nine are fit for any thing before they are discharged. These delightful institutions are hence extremely valuable, as means whereby swindling, as an absolute profession, may, by dint of inducing extensive competition, be ruined; seeing that, were it not for such institutions, an ingenious individual might thrive, while, as the case stands, thousands are annually reared to compete with him, and thus to take the bread out of his mouth. It is true that the system has not been so salutary since imprisonment for debt on meane process has been abolished, still it is very salutary now, inasmuch as the law forms a cob-web for catching little flies, while great ones bounce through it with a buzz. The poor wretch that pays the ten pounds he borrowed of his friend who is equally poor, is remanded for six or nine months on going up to the court, for giving an undue preference, and in prison he remains during the whole of that period; living probably on the prison allowance, while his family are starving; but the ingenious individual who holds it to be a folly, if not a crime, to pay any man, whether friend or foe, retains the principal counsel, and dashes through the court with *eclat*.—And if even he should be remanded, what is it to him? Does he lie in prison? The idea is absurd! He may have committed a thousand frauds, and may in consequence be remanded for two years. Why, he laughs at the remand! He has only one judgment against him, and that is a friendly judgment of course. When, therefore, he returns to the prison for the nominal purpose of undergoing his punishment, the detainer is withdrawn, and he in consequence walks out again, in defiance of the remand, a free man! It will hence be seen that the system is salutary indeed, for while it makes really honest men rogues, it teaches rogues how to escape.

Now George, who had studied this subject rather deeply, and who would have had fraud punished by imprisonment, but not poverty, which he conceived was sufficiently punished by the evils it engendered, did not, when he went to see the Prince of Poyais, expect to find an immaculate man. He knew that he had been in the Fleet for some months, while he also knew that a single week's residence there was enough to corrupt any man breathing, however spotless he might have been when he entered, unless, indeed, he possessed sufficient strength of mind to spurn the specious sophistries with which in a prison the imagination teems. But who could tell that this Prince of Poyais was not a strong-minded man! He had evidently been a man of courage! He had distinguished himself, moreover, in a profession in which honor is held to be dearer than life. It was probable, highly probable, that he had escaped contamination, and George, who was not too prone to prejudice, allowed this probability to have its full weight when he called upon him in order to see what could be done.

Having entered the Fleet, he ascended several

flights of stone steps, and when at length he had arrived at the particular door to which he had been directed, he gave not a loud but a most decided knock.

'Come in,' cried a person in a deep commanding tone; and George on entering discovered the Prince of Poyais—a fine, tall, handsome fellow in a Highland dress—carefully cooking a couple of mutton chops.

[See Illustration on next page.]

General McGregor I believe I have the honor to address?" said George, bowing.

'Mc Gregor is my name.'

'My name is Julian. I have called at the suggestion of Mr. Cavendish, with the view of ascertaining if any thing can be done with the land which I understand you have on the Mosquito shore. But I beg you'll not allow me to interrupt you,' added George, waving his hand towards the chops, 'I am quite a domestic man myself.'

'You are very polite,' said McGregor, as he placed a chair with his right hand, while holding one of the chops on a fork in his left, 'I cannot, of course, prevail upon you to join me.'

'Oh! I'll take a chop with you with pleasure—I should enjoy it!'

McGregor, who was then extremely poor, held this to be about as bad as robbing a church. He, nevertheless, did—as well as he could under the existing circumstances—screw up a smile, with the view of conveying some idea of the extent to which he felt himself honored; and proceeded to cook the very chop which, being the finest, he felt that he should be, as a matter of common courtesy, compelled to surrender.

'As you have not, I presume, your servant here, General,' said George, 'you will probably allow me to order the porter?'

'Oh, by no means; I beg you'll not trouble yourself. Oh, dear me, no; I'm ashamed—'

'Oh, allow me. The chops will be done by the time I return, and then we can sit down comfortably together.'

McGregor offered no farther opposition. He did not, in fact, feel himself justified in doing so, considering that he had not a single shilling in his pocket. 'It will not be so bad, after all, as I expected,' thought he, as George quitted the room. 'I don't see how he can order less than a pot, and that's fivepence, while the chop cost only threepence halfpenny. It's a very fair set off, I mustn't grumble; I only wish he'd at the same time order a loaf of bread.'

While he was thus engaged with his own private thoughts, George, who had heard of his being, in a pecuniary point of view, in a wretched condition, ordered not only porter, but a bottle of sherry, trusting to his own tact to open it without wounding McGregor's feelings. Having paid for these articles, he returned to the room, and found the General, who had just done cooking, very anxious to make every thing on the table appear to the best advantage.

'These are the places,' said he, as George entered, 'to subdue a man's pride, Mr. Julian.'

'A man can be more independent,' returned George, 'in a place like this than he can be at

home, which at all events is an advantage.— But are you an artist, General?' he added, pointing to the walls, which were adorned with a number of highly grotesque sketches.

'No, they were not done by me, but they are very amusing. They were done by an extremely clever fellow who used to occupy this room, a man of genius, sir, the first artist in his time of the day. But prisons appear to be the home of genius: it is strange, but it is so; mark my words.'

At this moment the man brought the porter

and the wine, and when McGregor saw the bottle, he brightened up, but felt bound to ask what George had been doing.

'Mr Julian,' he added, on perceiving 'Sherry' stamped upon the cork, 'I must not allow this! It is not right at all; You surely have not paid for it?'

'Why, General, as you so politely invited me to take a chop with you, how could I do less?'

'Mr. Julian, it is really too bad. It is, indeed, much too bad. However, I'll not be offended; but I'll have my revenge, mark my words.'



They then commenced, and the wine won the General's heart. He lamented confidentially to himself that he was unable to send for more chops, but as it was, the repast went off well, and they were not a very long time about it.

'Now,' said George, when this preliminary

had been settled, 'suppose we turn to business. This land, I believe, is on the Mosquito shore. What sort of land is it?'

'Excellent land, sir!—rich beyond conception. He who has it, sir, with capital to work it, will have one of the most valuable possessions in the

world. But it is not the land alone I look at, although that, if employed for agricultural purposes only, would yield a brilliant fortune—it is at the mines of wealth beneath sir, for, mark my words, there is not such a place in the universe for mines as Poyais.

'It is, I presume, absolutely your own?'

'Oh! that I can prove beyond doubt,' replied McGregor, drawing a document from his writing desk. 'Here is the grant.'

George looked at this document, which was signed 'George Frederic Augustus, King of the Mosquito-shore,' in favor of 'His Highness McGregor, Cazique of Poyais.'

'This appears to be perfectly correct,' said George, having perused it with care. 'Well; what are your views?'

'Why, I am anxious to raise money upon the property in some way, depositing this as security; or I should not be indisposed even to sell it out and out.'

'It will be difficult, I apprehend, to find a purchaser,' said George; 'and I fear that upon such security alone you will never be able to raise a shilling. But what sort of people are the inhabitants—civilized or savage?'

'Why, they have not had the advantage of European institutions, of course, but they are a fine, energetic, intelligent people, equal to anything; bold, courageous, full of activity and spirit.'

'And the country itself; is the climate salubrious?'

'The finest climate in the world!—it never rains, the dews of night alone supply sufficient moisture; you may live there for years without seeing a cloud. It is a lovely country—I have travelled much in my time, as you must be aware, but I never in my life was in a country more beautiful than that.'

'It would be then an excellent place for British emigrants?'

'Admirable! mark my words, sir, that is the very country to which they ought to go,—the very country.'

'Well!' said George, who conceived the idea of raising the benighted Indians in the social scale, by imparting to them the blessings of civilization; 'in that case it strikes me that something may be done. Is this king an intellectual man?'

'Highly intellectual.'

'A man of comprehensive views?'

'He has a mind, sir, capable of grasping the affairs of an entire world.'

'And you acquired, I presume, considerable influence over him while you were there?'

'So much that I could induce him to do anything I pleased; in fact he had, although I say it, the most perfect confidence in my judgment.'

'All which is decidedly in our favor. Now, General, do you think that by explaining to him the mode by which civilized states amass wealth, by pointing out to him the advantages which spring from the introduction of artificial wants, and by proving to him how easily they may be taxed when they become real, you could prevail upon him to join you in an honorable

scheme, whereby his revenues might be greatly increased, and the condition of his people materially improved?'

'I have not the slightest doubt of it.'

'If he can be induced to do that, I see my way in this matter pretty clearly.'

'Oh! I'd stake my existence that he would not for a moment hesitate. But how do you propose to proceed?'

'First, to obtain his full and formal authority for raising a loan, and when that has been obtained, I'll undertake to raise it.'

'Exactly!' cried McGregor, whose countenance in an instant brightened up into an expression of rapture. 'Exactly;—I see!—oh, I'll write to him at once!'

'But it cannot be done by writing.'

'Not to be done by writing, eh? How then is it to be done?'

'He must be seen and consulted!—an affair of this kind is not to be accomplished by a letter! The better plan will be for you to go over to him, and bring back with you his authority, and all the security he can offer.'

'Go over?—Go over to Poyais?' cried McGregor, whose countenance fell; 'can it not be done without that?'

'No other course can be effectual.'

'But how can I go over, my good friend? In the first place, you must have forgotten where we are.'

'No, I have not. But I presume that you are not here for a very heavy sum?'

'No; it isn't very heavy; and yet it is under the circumstances too—it is nearly sixty pounds.'

'Sixty pounds. Well, that must be managed. Do you see any other objection?'

'Mr Julian, you deal so ingeniously with me, that you compel me to be equally candid with you. The fact is, sir, I cannot go over; I haven't a shilling. The dress I now wear is the only one I have in my possession, and that claymore which you see standing yonder, and which has saved my life fifty times, must follow the rest of my property in the morning. I am not, therefore, in a position to go. The trip alone would cost nearly a hundred pounds.'

'Well, believing you to be a strictly honorable man—believing that throughout this business you intend to deal as justly with me as I mean to deal with you, I'll venture to say that even that may be managed. At all events, you may calculate on being out of this place in the course of to-morrow. Let me have the address of your detaining creditor, and I'll do the best I can with him; but, McGregor, as I am not a rich man, as I am struggling through life like yourself, you must pledge me your honor that, whether failure or success be the result of our project, you will be firm in the adherence to that just course which can alone permanently bind man to man.'

'My dear friend,' said McGregor, who was nearly overcome by the ingenious earnestness of George, 'what can I say—by what can I swear? Propose your own oath, and I'll most freely take it.'

'McGregor,' said George, 'he who does not

feel sufficiently bound by his own word of honor can be secured by no oath. I believe you, as I said before, to be a strictly honorable man, but I am anxious to impress upon your mind that if you deceive me, situated as I am, you may involve me in ruin. Pledge me your honor, my friend, and I shall be satisfied that, whatever may occur, that pledge will not be broken.

'Then I give you that pledge, Mr. Julian, with perfect sincerity; I give it unreservedly, sir, with all my heart! By my sacred honor, Mr. Julian, I swear that you shall never, on any point, however minute or apparently unimportant, be deceived in this or any other matter by me.'

'I am satisfied,' said George, 'quite satisfied. I firmly believe that I shall not be deceived, and I shall therefore do all in my power to serve you. I might have felt myself secure in the full conviction of your being bound by interest to deal justly with me, seeing that this is no pitiful project, but one which, if successful, will be the means of placing us both in a position of independence; but as men will sometimes take strangely erroneous views of their own interest, I have learned to regard that as no security at all. But we have said quite enough on this subject—you understand my object in pressing it so far. I am perfectly satisfied with the pledge you have given, and to-morrow I think you may fairly calculate upon being a free man. I will first call upon an influential friend of mine in the city, who, I have no doubt, will join us in this speculation, and then I will go direct to this person—this creditor of yours, and come to some arrangement with him. In the mean time,' he added, taking a five pound note out of his pocket-book, 'I want you to make use of that. Nay! nay!—I merely lend it—and that for my own sake as well as yours. You'll certainly catch cold if you come out in that kilt, and a cold might be the means of delaying our proceedings.'

'Mr. Julian,' said McGregor, taking the hand of George and looking at him earnestly, 'I don't know how to thank you.'

'Well then, don't attempt to do it at all. I shall be quite as well satisfied.'

'But I do thank you—ay, from my heart, and my actions shall prove to you how highly I appreciate your kindness.'

'Well, well, let us say no more about it; let us direct all our thoughts to the object proposed. For the present I leave you: I may look in again in the course of the evening, to let you know how I get on.'

McGregor again and again expressed his thanks as he accompanied George to the gate, where he described the anxiety he should feel during his absence.

'Pray let me see you this evening!' said he.—'I shall be on the rack until I see you again.'

'I will at all events write,' returned George, 'if I find it impossible to come; but depend upon it, General, if I can, I will be here.'

'Thank you! God bless you, my good friend, adieu.'

George then took his leave, and with the feel-

ings of one inspired with the consciousness of having done his duty as a man, while laying the foundation of an honorable fortune, he proceeded at once to the Exchange, where he found Bull standing by his favorite pillar, in the act of taking snuff with great violence.

'My dear boy,' said he, with a sorrowful expression, as George approached him, 'I'm going to the dogs, I am; no business doing, shares down, dreadfully down they are, nothing can save me.'

George smiled, and that smile lighted up Bull's countenance in an instant.

'Have you any thing fresh?' he inquired.

'Why! I do think of raising a loan!'

'Ah!—yes!—well!—well!—What is it?'

'Have you any appointment here?'

'No, my dear boy; and if I had—but I haven't: come, where shall we go?'

'To your office, if you like.'

'Very well, let's be off,' said Bull, impatiently thrusting his arm in George's, and dragging him along. 'Is it a good thing, my boy? Is it a good thing?'

'I think so.'

'Then I'm sure of it, I am. I can't guess what it is, but I feel that it's good, I do. What's the loan for, and about what amount?'

'Oh, perhaps half a million or more: we shall see.'

They now reached the office, and having passed into Bull's private room, George related the substance of what had transpired between him and McGregor.

With this relation Bull was delighted. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'we'll get up the loan, my dear boy, and then I'll introduce it to the house.'

'The Stock Exchange you mean?'

'Of course.'

'That will be of great importance.'

'It will take, it will. Nothing could be better.'

'It'll do, my dear boy: it's a hit! this McGregor must be off as soon as possible, he must. Let me see: sixty pounds to get him out, and a hundred to send him over, and then he wants a few pounds himself, say the whole will amount to two hundred: two hundred—can he give no security? How do we know he'll come back again? Deep dogs these Scotchmen, very slippery they are. We ought to have some security—what do you think?'

'Decidedly, if he has any to offer: but if he has not?'

'It's a large sum of money, is two hundred pounds; and he's a stranger to us, he is.'

'True; but I nevertheless feel disposed to trust him. Besides, in the event of success, it will be an excellent thing for him as well as for us.'

'We have him there; yes, I think we have him there; still there's nothing like tangible security. He may die on his passage, he may, there's no telling.'

'Then we had better, perhaps, insure his life before he starts,' said George, smiling.

'You see that'll cost five or six pounds!'

'I think we may risk it! At all events, we must in this case either do that or nothing.'

'Well, my dear boy, I'll be guided by you; but don't you think now that this Mr What's-his-name, his creditor, ought to be quite content with ten shillings in the pound.'

'Perhaps you will be able to induce him to think so.'

'You see it's a bad debt, a very bad debt; he ought to think himself lucky to get that, he ought.'

'Well, try him; you will be able to manage it better than I shall.'

'Oh! you are too liberal by half! You'll excuse my telling you, I mean no offense; but you are. He ought to take ten shillings in the pound. It's a capital dividend. I shall tell him if he don't, he'll get nothing, eh? that's the way to put it.'

'Well, use your own discretion, proceed as you please; I shall pay him half the sum, whatever it may be; but allow me to suggest that we ought to see him at once.'

'Yes, exactly, no time must be lost. Let me see, you haven't dined, nor have I. Let's go to a tavern in the neighborhood, and send for him, eh? What do you think? A few glasses of wine, you know, will soften him, eh? But then he lives at the west end, and the west-end taverns are high in their charges, they are, very high—exorbitant.'

'But if we spend thirty shillings and gain thirty pounds, it will pay us pretty well I think?'

'Yes; well then, let us be off.'

They accordingly started, and during their westward progress, Bull stopped short at least fifty times, with the view of putting certain questions, and suggesting certain points, having reference to the project, with greater effect.—They did, notwithstanding, eventually reach the west end, and having entered a tavern, they had a hasty dinner, and then sent for Mr. Tregoose.

Bull, at this time felt sure of inducing that gentleman to accept the composition proposed; for while he had the highest confidence in the power of his own suasive eloquence, he conceived, that as Tregoose was a tailor, and as McGregor couldn't pay, a fair reference to those important facts, well worked up, would be sufficient. When, however, Mr. Tregoose made his appearance, Bull saw that he had met with his match; for while Mr. Tregoose bore a very striking physical resemblance to himself, his thin, hard, compressed lips, and quick scrutinizing glances, convinced him that he was a man who, if he saw the slightest prospect of getting the whole, would, as a point of principle, lose the whole rather than consent to take a part. Bull was, however, by no means dismayed, although the eyes of Tregoose were buried beneath his eyebrows; he explained to him that McGregor would inevitably have to go through the Court, unless a composition were accepted, when he and Tregoose went earnestly to work, and of all the ingenious and extraordinary falsehoods ever uttered by men in support of their views, those put forth by this well-matched pair, were of a character by far the most ingenious and extraordinary, while the

number of them, branching out as they did from two separate roots, might have defied all human calculation.

Having been at it most zealously, for nearly three hours (for as Tregoose saw, or thought he saw, a chance of getting the whole, he was inexorable), Bull, viewing it as a point of honor, and feeling bound to beat him, ordered coffee, when George, who could not see the most distant prospect of either giving in, wrote a note to McGregor, and desired the porter to take it immediately to the Fleet; and it was fortunate for McGregor that he did so, for had he gone down himself, he would have found that gentleman lying upon the floor in a state of speechless intoxication!

Had this been known, the negotiation would soon have been brought to a close, but as it was not, Bull and Tregoose kept at it with unabated spirit until half-past ten, when as Tregoose had refused fourteen shillings in the pound, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, he declared at length, that he would not take nineteen shillings elevenpence three-farthings, when Bull drew a check for the whole amount, and complimented him highly on his being the closest-fisted fellow he ever met with in his life.

Having arrived at this glorious consummation—for glorious it was held to be by Mr. Tregoose, that gentleman insisted upon paying the bill, and as Bull's opposition to this was not remarkable for its strength, it was accordingly settled by Mr. Tregoose, and they parted with the perfect understanding that McGregor should be discharged by twelve o'clock the next day.

On leaving the tavern, George accompanied his friend Bull to Bishopsgate-street, and having seen him safely seated in a Stoke Newington stage, proceeded home, where he found Jane, for whom he had sent as a companion to Julia.

As he entered, the devoted Julia flew to him as usual, and embraced him with the warmest, the fondest affection, while Jane stood as if she had been struck with paralysis. She could scarcely believe her own eyes!—it was some time before she would believe them! Could he in reality be the gentleman who came to pay his addresses to Miss Julia! She never did see such a change in so short a space of time!

'Why, dear me!' she exclaimed, when George had happily succeeded in establishing his identity. 'How handsome you have grown, to be sure! Why you used to wear a black silk handkerchief; but, oh dear! that white one is so much more becoming. Well, I shouldn't have known you. Why you have grown so delightfully tall! and your whisker!—Well!—I never!'

George was highly amused by the ecstasy into which he had thrown Jane, and so was Julia; they both enjoyed it amazingly, and let her run on unchecked till they retired, and she did run on with surpassing velocity, for the great, the delightful alteration in his appearance was a thing which she could not forget.

In the morning George rose at his usual early hour, and went immediately after breakfast direct to the Fleet, where he found McGregor

looking very haggard and pale, a fact which he himself ascribed to the anxiety he had endured; and as George thought this extremely natural under the circumstances, he sought to raise his spirits by informing him at once that all had been settled with Mr. Tregoose.

'But come!' cried George, 'where are your clothes? We must prepare!'

'I sent a man for them last night,' said McGregor, 'and as he has not yet returned with either the money or clothes, I begin to feel very much alarmed! I am almost afraid he never will.'

'Why, that is very villainous. However, give me the duplicates: I'll go for them myself.'

'Unfortunately he has got them!—I sent them with the note.'

'Tut; tut! Are there no means of finding this scoundrel?'

'I am afraid not.'

'Well, you must have clothes; that is quite clear. Just pack up your things, and I'll run for a tailor.'

George being of course unconscious of the fact that McGregor had lost the greater part

of the money he had given him at cribbage, and spent the remainder in drink, accordingly started, and soon returned with a tailor, who happened to have a ready-made suit which proved to be a most admirable fit. For this suit, of course, George paid at once, and as the discharge came down punctually at twelve, a coach was sent for, when he and McGregor, with his trunks, left the prison without further delay.

As George was anxious to introduce him as soon as possible to Bull, they left the trunks at the Belle Sauvage, and proceeded to the office direct. Here the affair was again canvassed, and they became more sanguine than ever of success. Bull was perfectly delighted with the appearance of McGregor, who received his instructions, having reference to the authority of the king, the resources of the country, the revenues to be derived from the application of the loan, and so on, the whole of which McGregor very clearly understood, and in two days from that time he started with a hundred and thirty pounds in his possession.

[To be continued.]

THE PHILANTHROPISTS.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for February.]

Come all ye philanthropists, tender of souls,
Who feel for the pangs of the North and South poles,
Who groan for the perils, by land and by water,
Of the wearers of black skins beneath the Equator,
Though the sons of your country may pine at your feet,
Though the daughters may make their last bed in the street;

But, Humbug forever! and humbug for all!
So, come to our field-day in Puffington Hall.

There you'll see on the platform the Saints of all Saints,
All double refined from all corporal taints,
With faces impress'd with all manner of woes,
Their breath all expended in "Ahs" and in "Ohs."
Yet a look, now and then, not far short of a leer,
Shows that man, after all, is but man even there;

And that, now and then, sinners may come at the call
Which summons the saintly at Puffington Hall.

Below sit the Ruths and the Rachels, so prim,
From their nose to their toes in the true angel trim.
In teaching and preaching, the "Friends" lead the van,
When the color is black, and the black is a man.
Beside them the "brethren" sit, fish-faced and squab,
Each perched, like a toad by the side of Queen Mab;
Each thinking himself a St. Peter or Paul,
And the world nothing more than a Puffington Hall.

Beyond them are muster'd the new "Convertites,"
Whose eyes are but learning to turn up their whites;
Who, finding things hopeless in Cheltenham and Bath,
Have turn'd to the sweet supernatural path,
Set up their bazar in the "Methodist line,"
Follow Orator Prosy, or Orator Whine;

And on earth having nothing to do, great or small,
Look out for a partner in Puffington Hall.

Then rises the Chairman, of course he's a Whig,
Who cares not for gold (or for grammar) a fig;
He rises, to tell all the world what he's doing,
What mischiefs the King of Ashantee is brewing,
What negroes are murder'd by cannon and rockets,

So bids them pay down; while he buttons both pockets.

His duty is done, when he leads off the ball;

So he drops on his cushion in Puffington Hall.

Then up stands an orator—groaning of course,
With a puff, like a bellows, for old Wilberforce.
But where are the true Simon Pures; the sweet pair?
The echo of Puffington Hall answers "Where?"
Thus attorneys with plums will grow sick of the bar;
Thus soldiers with purses turn haters of war;
Thus sailors, in harbor, look black at a squall,
And thus saints will fight shy even of Puffington Hall.

Then rises his neighbor, his eye fixed on heaven,
With a speech, which I've heard twenty times from old
Stephen,
Delicious old Ste——, how I miss thy dear cant,
That compound unrival'd of gossip and rant;
The tales from thy lips that so softly would tickle,
That the souls of the saints to their midriff would tickle,
Till the "Mastership" came, thy true prebendial
stall—

Where, where is thy statue in Puffington Hall?

Next rises the wonder of earth, Puss in Boots,
Profound as Joe Hume, in peace, puffs, and cheroots,
The grand acquisition, the Treasury bustle,
The lump on thy petticoat, little Jack Russell,
The man for all weathers—the brave of the Bench!
(Thus Firemen their flames with ditch-water will
quench;)

With his meaning wrapt up, like an ass in a shawl,
The great Opium-Dealer of Puffington Hall.

If you'd furnish your fancies with stories of niggers,
Of floggings and fetters, musquitoes, and jiggers;
Of Mumbo and Jumbo, by preaching strack dumb;
Of the wonders of tracts, and the woes of new rum;
Of Cannibal monarchs with five hundred wives,
Which they bake in hot pies every day of their lives—
All told in a style that would soften Fox Maule,
You have only to pop into Puffington Hall.

THE CRIMINAL BROTHERS.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF THE ORDINARY.

[From Frazer's Magazine for February.]

We have more than once in our pages hinted, that a correct history of crime and criminals has been long a desideratum; because much of the history of the times is ever involved in the prevalence of particular crimes, and in the career of criminals.

In every age and country, since the foundation of society, events have been occurring of which, though too minute and fugitive for the vast and rapid page of general history, it must be regretted that no record has been preserved.

Few that have written on crime or criminals have kept in view any thing but the *crime* or *criminal*, and the holding up of both to the execration of mankind. They have seldom sought for those proximate or remote causes which may have led to the commission of crime by individuals, and occasioned whole classes of criminals. Neither has there been at any time a disposition manifested to scan the criminal's character fairly; that is, by comparison, connected with the environment of circumstances, and in reference to the conduct of prosecutors.

Investigation by comparison is the surest road to knowledge; the whole system of daily intercourse throughout the world, is carried on by it. The most exact of the sciences obtains its positive results by no other means: it is a condition where nothing is absolute: it is the *ultima ratio verum*.

The passing over all the circumstances connected with the exciting causes to the commission of crime is the result of a notion of very general prevalence. It is thought that, in allowing crimes to be palliated by circumstances, we lessen the effects of public examples; but whenever it is proper to publish accounts of persons or events, it is always desirable that the truth should be spoken.

In tracing the causes that brought 'The Criminal Brothers' to the scaffold, it will be necessary to take a succinct retrospect of the times when they suffered.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our reader that, immediately after the French Revolution, the trade of this country assumed wholly a new face; the trading classes undergoing, in a very short period of time, a complete revolution.

The regular pursuits of former times were abandoned, as being too tardy in their movements, for acquiring money.

All rushed into the market of speculative adventure, diverting their available funds into channels of precarious schemes for realising fortunes in a few months; while those who were too old to move with the times looked on and pronounced the world gone mad.

Property as rapidly changed from hand to

hand, as at that period it changed in value.—Indeed the metropolis might then be considered as a large arena, where fortunes were daily won and lost, as stakes pass at a hazard table.

Under such a state of things, it might be expected the bankrupts' list would be swelled beyond any former precedent. Numerous as they indeed were, there were few of the commissions that were not fraught with prestiges that would, in this day, inevitably send the concoctors of them to Newgate. The commissioners at Guildhall were strongly tinctured, too, with the severe spirit of the times; and deemed all deficiencies, whether the result of fraud or otherwise, to be occasioned by unsuccessful speculation. No one who has not witnessed the scenes at Guildhall in those days will readily give credence to the noisy and loose manner in which the department of public business was then conducted. There was but one commissioner on all the lists who essayed to stem the chaotic torrent that set in on that building—namely, Mr. Impey. The more meetings the commissioners could appoint for one day, the more guineas they dropped into their own purses; and such was their nature, that their meetings could only be compared to an uproarious Radical political assembly, where all were speakers at one time.—The proceedings of seven or eight commissions were going on at the same time in one room, the creditors of each being mixed together in utter confusion, not knowing to whom to apply, that they might give in their proofs of debt; while the commissioners, intent only on receiving the guineas, permitted affidavits to be sworn without obtaining a sight of the deponent. Many mounted the tables; and, forcing their way over each other's backs, obtained notice, and effected their business.

Petitioning creditors of one week were themselves bankrupts the next; and bankrupts soon became assignees of their former assignees, the money to work their commissions having been derived from a reserved fund set apart for the purpose of emancipating each other from debt.

The system on which trade was carried on—namely, by bills, was there developed to all who attended the examination of bankrupts—if the term examination may be applied to such a proceeding, and these, too, were fraudulent persons, taught how to escape punishment after having swindled their neighbors out of large sums of money.

The scenes of these days will not be credited after the proofs from which we write shall have passed down the stream into the gulf of oblivion.

In those days all payments were made in

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Bank of England notes. The governor and company of the Bank having an interest in upholding the credit of the country, and in issuing their notes, opened discount accounts with an incredible number of wholesale and retail traders in London.

That the manner in which this department of the establishment was conducted, affected the moral character of the people, and was the cause of much subsequent crime, will appear in the following history of 'The Criminal Brothers.'

On the first day of an Old Bailey session, there was a heavy calendar of crimes for the consideration of the Grand Jury. The carriage-way before the court-house was thickly strewn with new straw. The court-yard was thronged with an assemblage of persons of both sexes, whose habiliments, physiognomies, and general bearing, strongly marked them as of the equivocal class of society. They were dispersed in groups, discussing the peculiar conduct and character of prosecutors and witnesses in general; the majority, however, were emphatically descanting on the species of evidence usually given by police-officers. Many were contending which should have priority in relating instances of their talent of *buffing it strong* (i. e. committing perjury.) Numbers were asseverating to the truth of their statements, and advanced such a mass of specious matter, that their auditors were dumbfounded at the atrocious conduct of our preservers of the peace. 'Poor fellows!' ejaculated a knot of females, thereby meaning the prisoners to be tried. 'Nobody is safe from these police-officers.' Just under the walls, in the front of the prison, were other groups of surrounding females, who were wiping their tears away with their aprons, and relating tales of the reprobate conduct of a husband or son then under the ban of the law. These persons consisted of mechanics' or laborers' wives, who had brought the money to pay a counsel to plead for those who had made their lives miserable. They were also there to watch the hour of trial, and to send some kind friend into court who might say a word in the prisoner's favor.

The longanimity of these children of sorrow never exhausts itself. None of their husbands or sons that were in trouble possessed a bad heart, or were naturally prone to evil purposes. They were comparatively innocent themselves. It was others that had drawn them into bad company, and occasioned all their troubles. They were, however, sure, that the party for whom they were interested now saw his error; and, if he should have a merciful judge and jury, would be sure to reform and make a good man.

The judge's carriage, on its way to the court, then passed, and was pointed out to them. Imploring looks were directed towards it, and prayers put up that he might indeed be merciful.

Round the doorway of the prison there was assembled a number of women and young girls, all having bundles of some kind in their possession, and each contending for precedence in obtaining an entrance, being probably afraid that those they were going to visit should be called

up for trial before the recently washed shirt or vest could be conveyed to them.

In the interior of the prison the governor was inspecting the cells, which had been whitewashed and made clean for the reception of new comers. He was also ordering the door to be kept open, that they might be well aired. The cell-keeper, attired in his best suit, was at his post, ready to receive the company that usually visited that compartment of Newgate at, and just after, session time.

The under-turn-key stood with keys in hand, ready to admit the first capitally convicted felon. The wardsmen sat in the empty wardroom, gazing at the vacant seats, and conjuring up in his imagination the countenances of those whom he had seen leaving the place bound and ready for the hands of the hangman. He looked like the last man praying for a new creation, that he might enjoy once more social fellowship.

At the iron rails that enclose the prisoners within the several yards, discussions were going on as to the probable number of prisoners that would be sent to the cells during the session, and the number that would, out of the batch, ultimately suffer; while others having made bets on the two events, were continually inquiring whether any were yet gone to the cells.

Newly appointed city functionaries were seen every half hour treading the winding passages, each with a friend under his arm, to inquire whether there had been any arrivals, and returning from the cell yard apparently disappointed at having received an answer in the negative.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a general movement along the iron rails. It was known that something of interest had occurred, and each prisoner was on the alert to obtain the first information. Presently a buzz ran round the yard:

'Two gone to the cells; own brothers, they say—hard lines—one out of a family, it might be thought, would be enough for the sheriff at a time.'

Capitally convicted brothers were indeed at that moment pacing the space under the north wall of the condemned yard. They seemed more agitated than depressed, as the following dialogue which was held between them testifies:—

'Why do you so frequently refer to the past, James? We cannot retrace our steps; and if we could, as we never intended a robbery, we might again fall into the same error.'

'No, Richard; if you had followed my advice we should not have been here now. There was a time, you know, but—'

'A plague on your *buts* and *ifs*! I cannot endure to hear the repetition of those logical pegs, the use of which make the foolish appear wise; and, *vice versa*, just as you find it convenient to hang up your ideas, or take them down.'

'This is no place for exhibiting bad temper, Richard. Look at these massive walls; they separate us from the world, and are formed to subdue the resolute soul. I never intended to reproach you; I am equally guilty; and am prepared to take, as indeed I must, my share of the responsibility. Come, let us speak of our mo-

ther and sister. What will become of them? I suppose even here we shall not be forbidden to see them."

"The murderous wretch! Could ever man be thought capable of going so far in villainy?"

"Be calm—be calm, Richard! do not abandon yourself to the influence of rancorous feelings; we shall stand in need of our best reflective energies; passion little avails the distressed in mind."

As this last sentence was uttered, the more agitated of the two brothers had paused to lean against the wall. He was dreadfully convulsed, and his brother ran to the pump, which was hard by, to procure water.

The ordinary had entered the yard unnoticed, and his practised eye discovered the condition of the elder, who was at that moment under the influence of passions which rend the soul of man.

He trembled as does a kid when thrust into the cage of a boa-constrictor for food. The fear of the future was then present to him; and in his excited imagination, the executioner was busy about his person. In the next instant the demon of rage triumphed, and rendered him furious for revenge. He gnashed his teeth, his hands were clenched, every nerve was braced, each muscle was tensely constricted, and his whole frame was gathered up like a tiger prepared to spring on his prey. A pause and the futility of his efforts was apparent to his mind; his head dropped on his chest, when tears of conscious weakness came to his relief.

Awakening, in a measure, from the paroxysm of conflicting passions which so strikingly exhibits the weakness of our nature, and seeing the sheriff with his friends, and the reverend ordinary around him, he drew himself up and said, "Gentlemen, I am neither so guilty nor so weak as I appear at this moment in your eyes; I am, however, an injured human being, and cannot but feel my wrongs." Then relapsing, he eagerly inquired if they had come to lead him to the place of execution.

Being desired to calm the perturbation of his mind and hope for the best, he again reviled his prosecutor in unmeasured terms of reproach, while his younger brother seemed to have merged his own sorrows into those of his more agitated fellow-prisoner.

Hopes of pardon from death—but, alas! fallacious hopes—were kindly held out by the witnesses of this scene. The brothers retired in a few hours afterwards to their gloomy cell, there to meditate on their prospects of living the remainder of their lives in slavery, or of being in a short time put to death by the hands of the executioner.

The following morning, as the cell-doors were opened, the ordinary, in the faithful discharge of a painful duty, was there to minister to all the minds he should find diseased. The elder of the two brothers had passed a night of horrors; he appeared in the yard with a countenance as haggard as if the work of years, under an accumulated weight of woes. A patch of hair on the right side of the head, as large as the palm of the hand, but perfectly circular in its form, which the evening previously had been of a dark brown

color, had now become white. His eyes, also, had lost several shades in depth of coloring, while their action indicated excessive shyness and cunning. They had, also, sunk deeper into the sockets, and appeared to be constantly peering round for a place where he might escape from his keepers, or he might hide himself from those who proffered him words of consolation.

His case was, however, past cure. The night in the cells had done its work on the mind; its possessor no longer spoke of injury inflicted on him, or talked of revenge. He was like a plant cut down in one night by a frost; the stalk or stem, indeed, remained, but the blossom and beauty had departed, and all the symbols of decay alone remained. The two brothers, as they moved, called to remembrance the story of the united twins—the one that remained alive carrying his fraternal load about with him, premonitory of his own speedy dissolution. They had had a sleepless night, and the stronger nerves of the younger had discovered from his brother's conversation the aberration of his mind long ere the scanty streak of light, permitted to enter their cell, enabled him to notice the havoc mental agony had made on the countenance. The sufferer held his brother fast by the arm, as if afraid of losing a protector, and he moved as from the same impulse.

The city authorities of that time usually took a lively interest in the fate of these criminals; and in the space that elapsed from the period of their trial to the day of execution, collected from the younger brother the following particulars of their life. They are given nearly as possible *verbatim*, as they were delivered. The statements were subsequently ascertained to have been substantially true:—

"We were the sons," commenced the younger brother, "of a respectable farmer, who, like too many in the world, thought his own occupation the worst of all others. Possessed of this notion, he determined to apprentice us to some business in London. My brother was placed with a silversmith at the west end of the town; and I, twelve months after, was articulated to a woollen draper. Our masters were known to each other, and had money transactions together. It also soon appeared, that they were both similarly circumstanced in regard to want of capital to carry on business and give that credit which the nature of their trades required.

"They had, however, both discount accounts at the Bank of England, from which resource they drew considerable sums weekly. The Bank was in advance at the time I was employed, in cash account, to my master, of whom I shall now particularly speak. About seven thousand pounds, the whole of which had been received out of that establishment on bills, the time of payment on which did not exceed two months after date. In order to work this capital and retain it in his trade, it was necessary that, as the bills became due, others should be sent in every week, on which cash might be obtained, and thus keep the current paper in the hands of the Bank discount committee nearly up to the same amount.

'It was my business every week to carry in these bills on one day, and go for an answer on the next and bring back the money. On what security the money was advanced to my employer in the first instance, I have now no means of ascertaining; but when I became acquainted with the affairs of the house, more than one-third of the bills in the hands of the Bank, held as security for money advanced to him, were acceptances of mine—then a boy, the shopman and the porter of the house—and the remainder fictitious bills, made up every week; that is, pretended acceptances of unknown persons.

'The residences of master tailors, in a little way of business, to whom credit for a cut of cloth was oftentimes an accommodation, served as places in which they could make the bills payable, and give them an appearance of having been derived from various sources in the way of trade. Bills sent to be discounted at that period, were not required to be made payable at a banking-house.

'It may be thought that the Bank of England discounting committee were deceived in this particular instance, and that they would not willingly encourage such a system. My brother's master, however, and many other houses that I could name, of which I will, if required, give a list, drew their weekly money to carry on their business on the same description of paper. When any of our bills were thrown out by the committee, and the same with the other houses with whom we were acquainted, we used to exchange them, and thus give them the appearance of going again into the discount office in the regular course of negotiation.

'But, to remove every doubt as to the cognizance of the Bank of England's committee of the nature of the paper they were discounting, and to set forth in a striking manner the school in which I was brought up, it will only be required that the following statement should be believed to be, as it really is, true.

'During my apprenticeship, a period arrived when the Bank of England Directors resolved on restricting their discounts to wholesale dealers only; this was a measure which at once threatened ruin to all retail houses dependent on the weekly discounts at the Bank for the support of their credit.

'I was called out of my bed by my master one night to be informed of this circumstance, and the resolution he had formed of going the following morning, when the discount committee were to meet, and informing its members of his then actual situation in trade, and also of the nature of the securities they held for the monies advanced to him. I was then desired to spend the remainder of the night in looking over the account-books, and prepare myself to accompany him as an evidence of the truth of his intended statement.

'As, however, the committee met to decide only on the discounts to be granted, and not to hold conferences with parties sending in bills, a difficulty arose about obtaining admission: At length he addressed a note to the Chairman, informing him that a loss would accrue to the

Bank of many thousand pounds, if he had not immediate audience with the committee.

'In a short time he was admitted, followed by me with a blue bag, surcharged to the mouth with vouchers. He at once entered on his business, and addressed them thus—

'Gentlemen, you see before you a retail trader, who has for a number of years carried on a large business, and brought up a numerous family, with a capital borrowed from you. I have been a faithful steward; I have not laid up your money in a napkin. I have spread it far and wide; and have been an active agent in giving circulation to your notes. I have been the means of establishing, by giving credit, and lending cash in the way of discount, some hundreds of tailors in this metropolis—men who never would have contributed a shilling to the treasury in the way of a direct tax but for me, and the money you have been so kind as to intrust into my hands; and for the use of which I have paid you considerable sums in discount, and have also contributed largely to the revenue for stamps. But I will not name the amount of these sums: my only surprise is how I have surmounted it all.'

'Here the members of the committee looked each other in the face. They had been waiting for a peroration declarative of insolvency. The speaker, taking his cue, proceeded,—

'Gentlemen, do not mistake me; I am not out of the wood yet. I only want your willing aid, and all will be right.'

'Explain yourself,' called out one of the committee.

'The case is succinctly this,' continued the speaker: 'I commenced business without a single shilling of capital but what I got from you. That capital is spread, as I said, far and wide; hundreds are living on it, and doing so well, that it will all come back to me with good interest, and through me to you. But this will be the work of time. The debtors on these books,' pointing to my bag, 'must be handled with much tenderness; for any attempt to extract the money out of them rashly must break them all up; they give long credit, and therefore I give them the same. You have some of their acceptances, which they cannot pay; neither do they expect to be called on to do so. I have used them as my tools; their acceptances are mere accommodations to me; and I must have the candor to inform you further, that all the paper you hold of mine is not, if you attempt to enforce payment on them, worth the stamps on which the bills are drawn. In fact, gentlemen, it is the same to you as if the acceptors never had existence'—

'Several members of the committee nodded their heads at each other as the last sentence was uttered, indicating that they each understood his meaning. The woollen-draper, nothing abashed, resumed,—

'Unless you enable me to pay them; and I am here to make you a proposition, which may meet the interests of all parties. Consider, gentlemen, that I am your debtor for nearly ten thousand pounds—that you have no available

security for the debt but myself; and such is the peculiar nature of my trade, that if it be broken up you will not realise a half-crown in the pound. On the other hand, gentlemen, if you leave me to manage my own affairs, and continue my trade; I will undertake to pay you twenty shillings in the pound, and your interest, as regularly as heretofore. The proposition I have to make is, that you enter me as a wholesale dealer on your new list—that you continue to discount for me as usual, only that you lessen the amount every week in the ratio of fifty pounds. With this arrangement, I think, gentlemen, I shall save both my own credit and your money.*

'After having been desired to withdraw, and to wait in the lobby for a few minutes, Mr. Rogers, the then chief clerk of that department of the establishment, came out, shook hands, and heartily congratulated the woollen-draper on the success of his address, adding, 'I am authorised to say that your candor and straight-forward conduct has achieved your object. The proposition is acceded to unconditionally on the part of the committee.'

'Ignorance of a knowledge that fictitious paper was sent into the discount-office, on which monies to large amounts were granted by the authorities of the Bank of England, will scarcely ever be pleaded after this. But if it should, what answer shall we give to the fact, that, after the arrangement made with my master for lessening the discounts by fifty pounds a week, he ever afterwards was granted almost unlimited amounts of discount?—all of which was obtained, if possible, on paper more valueless than heretofore,—such as acceptances of his own wife and daughters, dated in the country, and made payable in London.

'I know not how far I may be justified, gentlemen,' continued the convict, 'in supposing that any part of my statement can palliate my own offence; but you must admit that a youth, brought up and actively engaged for seven years in such a school, could hardly be expected to think much of circulating a *made-up bill*, as we used to designate them, especially as they were never intended to defraud others—the intention of tradesmen, who have had recourse to such means to stop a gap, has ever been, I may presume, to pay them when due.

'The house in which my brother served his time ran a bill career differing very little from the one I have described, which brought both of us in contact with all the bill-mongers and bill-brokers in London.

'I am now made sensible of the destructive effects on every moral principle we possessed which this initiation into life exercised. The handling of such bills as I have endeavored to describe was an every-day occurrence with us; and in the education of habit was merged all reflection as to their illegality.

'But the Bank of England was not the only channel through which discount for these bills was obtained. Private bankers, during the bill-manía, made advances on them, and I believe with a knowledge of what they were. I have known more than one instance of a banker send-

ing for his customer; then taking him into his private room, address him as follows: 'Sir, as you are become very irregular in your account with us, and there are several returned bills remaining with us unpaid, I feel it to be my duty to inform you that I am well acquainted with the nature of the bills you have been in the habit of sending into our house. A hint, I suppose, will be sufficient. Let them be all paid. We shall not, however, offer any bar to your opening an account elsewhere. Only let me advise you to take care of yourself for the future. But let our bills be paid, or good, substantial, *bona fide* bills be substituted for them.'

That the era to which this statement refers was an extraordinary one none will doubt.—Many persons, availing themselves of the indiscriminate manner in which the Bank of England effected their enormous issues, opened banking-houses for the avowed purpose of granting discounts on bills. The affairs of one, which commenced on this principle, at the west end of the town at that period, remain unsettled to the present hour, the proprietor himself having been in prison for a long series of years. Then, also, parties of tradesmen united under a compact to raise money on cross acceptances, with which either to commence business or extend the range of their mercantile speculations.

The recollection of these days call up a thousand associations connected with the moral changes which society has undergone, that cannot be understood by those who have only had a view of its modern phases. Not more than five-and-thirty years have elapsed since things were enacted, by men then considered respectable, for which they would now be deemed swindlers, and treated as such in our courts of justice.

The narrative of the younger convict was cut short by the arrival of his mother and sister.—When they were announced he flew to the bars. The first visit a condemned man has from those who are dear to him is as painful a moment as any he has to pass through. He is in one instant informed of the tainted isolation of his position, when the mind shudders and shrinks into itself at the thought of never again being permitted to press the hand or cheek of her who gave him birth, or to clasp in his arms those whom he loves and by whom he was loved.

There, separated even from the reach of his touch, stood those who had all their lives ministered to his comforts, and in whom all his affections were concentrated. Even an endearing word was polluted, and lost its efficacy, by the presence of the keeper, who stood between the double row of bars that kept them apart.

In the bound of joy that came with their names, a momentary forgetfulness of his situation had passed over the mind. The approach to the bars dispelled the happy delusion. The blood paused in its course, and left the countenance pale as the image of death. The expres-

* This is precisely the language Sir William Curtis is said to have used on a similar occasion to Hutton, who took the hint and paid him—afterwards relapsing into the same practice in another quarter.

sions of delight at seeing those who were dear to him died on their passage to the lips; and the feelings of affection themselves seemed on the instant to have become defunct.

The mother and daughter were also under the influence of their situation, and were bathed in tears. It required no words to explain the intensity of their anguish; and as the cold damp gloom of the place chilled the heart and repressed warmth of expression, they all three for some minutes remained in silence, with heads hanging down like mourners over the remains of the now dead beloved.

During the pause, the elder brother was brought to the bars. His altered countenance broke the spell, for there was no mistaking his appearance. The portrait of his former self was gone; and the deplorable condition of his mind was written in legible characters in his eye. He gave his mother and sister a look that must be seen to be understood. It was not the look of madness or of idiocy, but a mixture of utter despair, affection, and fear. He was, however, the first to speak, saying to his mother, 'What brought you here?'

The mother replied by asking her other son in almost choking accents, what had happened to Richard? James remained still silent; while it was becoming every moment more apparent that the females could not much longer, from agitation, maintain their position—each was grasping a bar of the iron rails for support; and the daughter, with her disengaged arm, was making a feeble effort to sustain her mother in an upright position.

'Go, go,' said Richard, in a hurried manner; 'you know not where you are. Make your escape—make your escape!'

James, whose feelings had mastered his reason and resolution, and who had the whole time, with heaving chest and rigid features, indicated that his sufferings were too intense to be expressed in words, seemed to recover in a degree as his brother spoke, giving him a look of pitying interest, that said, 'Hard as is the task of brooking our situation, and shameful as is our condition, I still possess a heart that can commiserate a brother stricken to the heart with grief and fear.'

It was now impossible for the mother and her daughter to remain any longer at the bars, as other visitors pressed forward; and, considering the purpose and occasion of their visit, ribald tongues were going. Pride, therefore, came and mingled itself with grief. The mother and daughter waved their hands and fell back, to give place to others who had been brought up in a less delicate school, and between whom and themselves there was not the slightest versimilitude beyond that of being of the same sex.

'Jack,' called out a female, elbowing her way to the grating, 'it was that blue-bottle that smashed you, the —!' But the reader must imagine the language in which the most guilty and depraved of our species are capable of clothing their acrimonious feelings, and from which delicacy shrinks as from the touch of an adder.

'Poor fellows!' ejaculated the mother, as the ordinary, who had watched the interview, drew them away, if possible, to assuage the anguish of their minds by soothing words, and holding out the hope that mitigating circumstances might yet be discovered to avert the execution of the extreme penalty of the law.

'God be merciful to them, and 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb!'' exclaimed James, breaking silence as he lost sight of his mother at the angle of the wall. The two brothers remained for some minutes gazing into each other's eyes, as if to penetrate the far-down workings of the soul.

'Are they coming?' said Richard, his countenance changing as the dark thought of death passed over his mind.

'Come!' replied his brother, taking his arm; 'come! let me urge you to reflection, and prepare for more manly conduct at our next interview. Did you not notice poor Mary? Already faded with grief, fond, affectionate girl! her destruction will be our work. May the Omnipotent pardon us both! Come, Richard! dismiss this fearful mood, and let us talk like rational beings of our hopes for the future, and like men prepare for the alternative of life or death!'

These words broke the brother's gloomy spell; the passions once more rushed in too strong for control. He struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and called down imprecations on the black villainy of those who had occasioned his conviction. But space will not permit us to describe all the alternations of the fitful mind of this criminal; the tide again turned, and he was in a few hours the same miserably-stricken man as before.

Having selected this case with a view of illustrating one of the causes of the prevalence of forgery in former years, we now proceed with the younger criminal's account of himself and his brother.

'I have informed you, gentlemen,' he continued, on a second interview, and being requested to proceed with the history of his case, 'of our initiation into business. At the termination of our apprenticeship, it was natural for us to feel ambitious to commence business for ourselves; and this was the more desirable, as our father's demise had left my mother and sister with very slender means of support. They were, therefore, easily prevailed on to come to town, and invest their little all—about three hundred pounds—in a shop, to be conducted by myself and brother, in my line of business, the woollen-drapery trade. About three months after we had commenced business, a cloth-factor, whom I had never known but by name, called on us, expressed his sense of our integrity and prospects in business; but adding, from the knowledge he had of the nature of the trade, he was sure we should want pecuniary assistance. 'Let there be confidence between us, and I will be a friend to your house; our advantages may be mutual.' Having made this declaration, so flattering to us, and so plausible, we forthwith commenced dealing with him for goods, and

he soon commenced drawing bills on us, as he said, to send into the bank, and enable us to reciprocate with him in the use of ready cash.

'We, however, could never obtain any cash from him without furnishing other bills for him to discount; it made the transactions, he said, more regular; he was not at all particular what bills he had, but they must be a third person's acceptance.

'At the time this declaration was made, we were very considerably in his debt, though no payment was yet due on the goods. It must not be disguised from you, gentlemen, that giving so much credit ourselves, we early placed many irregular bills in this man's hands for discount; and it must also be stated, that we never did have any accommodation of this nature without his sending in a heavy package of goods invoiced at his own price.

'But it would be wearisome to you were I to detail all the transactions we had with this man, and the various arts and tricks by which he meshed us around. He would neither allow us to deal with any other house, nor serve us at a fair price himself. He entered our counting-house, demanded a sight of our books, and the names of those who were our debtors, and the amount of their debts. Whenever we made an effort to emancipate ourselves from his trammels or to remonstrate with him, he threatened to take us before a magistrate, and call on us for an explanation of certain bills that had passed through our hands.

'It is natural for us all, gentlemen,' continued the narrator, 'to endeavor to exculpate ourselves; but you will observe that these bills were not issued to obtain or support a sinking credit; and perhaps would never have been drawn, but for the artful and despotic conduct of our pseudo-friend.

'Much, gentlemen, as we had seen of the bill business in London, we were neither of us aware that there are persons who prefer such bills as those to which I allude, and on which they will advance money in preference to more substantial paper. You may, perhaps, remember the fate of poor Revere, a few years since, prosecuted by a hotel-keeper in Al—le Street, and the offer that was made to him in prison, if he would assign and alienate his right to certain estates in the West Indies.

'Now, gentlemen, I say it from actual knowledge, that there are fishers for such bills provided they come through the hands of parties whose families are supposed to have the means of paying the amount. Besides, if no ulterior use is made of them, they will always be the first payments a falling tradesman will make, even if all other creditors' claims remain unliquidated.

'It is only a few months since that an attorney whom I know emptied his box of bills before me, when I pointed out two of a thousand pounds each, that I thought were good for nothing.—'Nonsense, man,' said he, 'these two bills are worth ten thousand pounds!' shewing the name of a man of family at the back of them. 'Five hundred pounds for each of the members of the

family to pay is nothing: those are my terms, and I'll have it,' said he chucklingly, as he locked the bills up in the box again.'

'You are wandering,' said the ordinary, interrupting him, 'from your own history.'

'With deference,' answered the prisoner, 'I did not think I was digressing. I have no object in relating my story but to prove that which every person less informed than myself in these matters will very readily substantiate, viz., that prosecutors are oftentimes more guilty than the parties they accuse.'

'Who was your prosecutor?' inquired a gentleman present.

'The friend who took us by the hand when we first went into business,' replied the prisoner; and then, continuing his story, he said, 'Yes, the amiable gentleman who was to have carried us through all our difficulties. It is my opinion that it is his own knowledge of the extent to which he has injured us that makes him now more bitterly our enemy. Perhaps he was afraid of our taking personal vengeance on him; or, perhaps, he could not endure the thoughts of the existence of persons who were acquainted with his villainous conduct: many prosecutions have arisen from one or both of these causes. It is, however, difficult to solve the mystery of human motives beyond those of gain. Having robbed us of our all, I cannot tell why he should seek our lives. But let me conclude our sad history. We remained eight years in business, or, rather, were eight years under his tyranny. Ours has been a heavy retribution; almost from the first month we knew our prosecutor, we have not had an hour's peace of mind; for the period of eight years we saw ourselves with a flourishing and profitable business, yet never could reap the benefits accruing from it. We were not permitted to sell any goods except those sent in by him, and were compelled to pay him his own exorbitant price for them. At length, after much entreaty, he consented to bring the accounts to a balance, and as we expected, there was a considerable sum due to him; but as our book debts more than covered that amount, if we had had an honest man to deal with, all would have been well. I will not make a long story of it,—passing over his enormous charges for interest, and other unfair items, but state that he insisted on immediate payment, or we must take the consequences. To avert this blow, we ultimately agreed to give him a warrant of an attorney for the amount, in the hope of being able to collect our debts and redeem ourselves out of his hands. We succeeded in paying him all within three hundred pounds, for which he ultimately entered up judgment, and seized our stock; when another creditor with whom we had recently had dealings made us bankrupts. Scarcely had we passed our examination, when we were apprehended on a charge of forgery. I need not add that the charge was founded on two of the bills given in the course of our dealings with the prosecutor, when he was pressing us for any kind of bills to send in on which to obtain discount, always saying, 'You know if you don't meet them, I must.'

'Gentlemen, such is my story; say, now, have we been more guilty or unfortunate? If my conscience be a faithful judge, saving the ignominy that awaits us, I would not exchange conditions with that man. He may, perhaps, derive some consolation from the reflection, that his harpy-like mode of doing business may find its parallel in most walks of trade, but I defy him to be happy.'

The effects of commerce in civilizing a country are wonderful; but the good is greatly alloyed by the too frequent concomitant, the destruction of morality. It too often engenders a grasping spirit and a cupidity that freeze the warm springs of benevolence in the heart. When, however, the work of gain is over, and a retrospection of the past awakens the conscience, many sad hours accompany the close of life. At the time this case occurred, the governor and company of the bank, merchants and bankers in general, looked on with perfect indifference, and without emotion, while rows of human beings were hung up for their benefit, as they actually thought and often affirmed. Nor is it improbable that the same state of things would have continued to this day, had not the same love of gain discovered that they were in error, and that to stop hanging for forgery was the most likely method to abate the crime. Together with some expositions which REGINA may pride herself in having laid before the public.

The fate of the brothers appeared to excite interest; such, however, was the state of feeling in the city at the time, on the question of forgery, that none came forward to pray that their lives might be spared; yet three years subsequently to their execution, the bankers were seen petitioning the government to repeal the

capital part of the punishment, on the plea that it augmented the number of forgeries. The several interviews that were granted to the brothers with their mother and sister were of too painful a nature to be detailed at length: they may be more readily imagined than described. The most remarkable feature in the case was the condition to which Richard, the elder brother, was reduced immediately after his condemnation.

It has frequently been stated that in cases where persons of superior station in society have been under orders for execution, they have, through interest, obtained narcotic drugs, by which their sufferings have been lulled, and their feelings sunk in forgetfulness; and that in that state they have been led to the scaffold, perfectly insensible of what was going on.

In this instance, the elder brother, Richard, fell into a state of partial insensibility, through the intensity of his feelings. Mandragora could not more effectually have thrown him into a state of apparent forgetfulness,—we say *apparent*, for, although his eyes spoke of terrible fearfulness, he could not be brought to give any answer when the subject of his speedy dissolution was reverted to. He recognised, however, the brother, mother, and sister; but could not, or would not, keep up a connected conversation with them. It appeared, as if in mercy to the weakness of his resolution, the mind had been suddenly rendered too imbecile to entertain so weighty a subject as the contemplation of death.

The brothers had been partners in business,—they were partners in the crime for which they forfeited their lives,—they died at the same time, on the same scaffold,—and were interred in the same grave.

STANZAS

On reading of the soldier (Thomas Ramsay, of the Royal Marines) who died in the Military Hospital from the dreadful effects of severe flogging.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

And this is England! This is the boasted spot

That lifts its head above the nations all;

The freeman's home—where petty tyrants blot

Our page of glory, by the soldier's fall.

Yes! our bold chivalry, whose blood hath dyed

The battle-plain, to garland England's brow!

Whose daring prowess, in the combat tried,

Was never seen before the foe to bow;

Must quail and crouch beneath a despot's nod;

And bear the lash of torture to the bone,

Like eastern slave, as if there were no God!

But man's vile passions ruled the world alone

Oh! less than men, that wear the human form;

Blood-thirsty chieftains of that gallant band,

Compell'd to witness (with life's feelings warm)

The execution of the fell command;

To see their brave companion, in the bloom

And strength of manhood, bow beneath the stroke

That sent him reeking to a timeless tomb,

In heart, in spirit, as in body, broke;

Go, human revellers in human gore,

Quaff the full goblet, and enjoy the jest,

The song, the dance, and hug the golden store

Of life's enjoyments to each heartless breast.

Let not the vision of the murdered dead,

The broken hearts that he hath left behind,

Disturb your joys; still bear the lofty head,

And play the petty Neros of mankind

Amongst your slaves; for what are they but slaves,

Who have the privilege of man resigned;

Thus to be sent dishonored to their graves.

O England! O my country! boast not thou

Thy mighty deeds for slaves beyond the sea,

Till thou hast wiped away the blood, that now,

Like 'angels trumpet-tongued,' accuseth thee.

What would the language of a Tell have been—

The freeman's model!—he, the glorious Swiss!

Whose arrows did a nation's freedom win?

Rouse! brothers, rouse! and burst a chain like this!

Start like high racers for the mighty goal;

Wake every thrilling nerve in freedom's cause;

Call on the noble—on the just in soul,

To expunge our Draco code! and frame new laws—

Laws that all Freemen in a Christian land

May ask, and, if not granted, may command!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

[From the London Metropolitan for February.]

BY J. C. C.

Two men who had sought for protection from the rays of the sun in an arbor which was overshadowed by the thick leaves of a wide spreading vine, were seated opposite to each other, leaving on a table, and smoking perfumed cigarettes.

The elder, who appeared to be about forty years of age, was tall and pale; his costume which was rich although simple, had somewhat of a military appearance about it. As for the younger, he was characterised by that slovenly elegance which had begun to be fashionable in Italy as well as in France, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

'Faith, Alfieri,' said the elder of the two, 'you were the last person in the world I expected to have met at Abano.'

'Yet methinks the sick man's place should be where he may hope to mend his health.'

The young man looked at the count:

'The fact is, you do look paler than usual; have you consulted the best physicians?'

'Yes.'

'And what do they say?'

'The same thing over and over again. They promise me in the winter that I shall be well in the summer; and when the summer comes and I feel no relief, they assure me that I shall be better in the winter. The Milanese doctors recommend the air of Naples, and the Neapolitan doctors that of Milan; and so they go on, turning me over from one to the other, until I expect some day to die on the road between these two places, if I continue to follow all their ordinances.'

'Come, come, nonsense, did you ever hear of any body dying at your age?'

'Sometimes,' murmured Alfieri pensively, and shaking his head.

'I bet I know what ails you: you have eternally in your mind the predictions of your old sorceress.'

'Am I wrong, Cellini? I was only twelve years of age when that old woman told me all that has happened to me since. She said that I should leave Piedmont, that I should become a poet, and that you would be celebrated.'

'And that you would die at thirty-five. Who doesn't know that part of your history? You have written on it an admirable sonnet which all Italy knows by heart. But that a man like you should put faith in the mummerly of an old woman, is what I cannot understand.'

The count sighed, but made no answer: a short silence ensued.

'Shall I tell you what it is that kills you?' re-

joined Cellini. 'At the bottom you are not ill, you are only low spirited.'

'That's what the doctors say,' replied the count sadly, 'but I feel it will carry me off at last.'

'Why not seek for some distractions? Why don't you travel? When you quitted Milan, your intention, if I mistake not, was to go to Spain.'

'I have been there.'

'Ah! indeed—and from thence to France.'

'I have been there.'

'And thence to Germany.'

'I have been there.'

'But you must have been everywhere, if that is the case. The fact is, I know you are a most expeditious traveller; you traverse each country as fast as your horse can gallop; but you can't have had time to see anything.'

'Pardon me; I have seen mountains, cities, roads, and plains; and, in the midst of all this, numberless myriads of human beings very busy doing nothing.'

'And what did you particularly notice?'

'Three splendid institutions,—the *schlague* in Germany, the *police* in France, and the *inquisition* in Spain.'

'You're as full of satire as ever, I see,' said Cellini laughing; 'a misanthropist and a republican, a real descendant of Brutus in the papal states. But really, Alfieri, you do not deserve the favors which fortune has bestowed upon you; all our theatres ring with your triumphs. Italy has its eye upon you; you are noble, rich, young, and yet you seem tired of life. What is it you would have to be happy?'

'That's more than I can say; something perhaps which is possessed by the lowliest of the crowd who cover me with acclamations; a retired habitation, an obscure destiny, and a woman who would love me, seated by my side.'

'But what hinders you from having all this, Alfieri?'

Alfieri shrugged up his shoulders, and heaved a deep sigh.

'You forget,' said he, 'that chance has made a celebrated man of me, and a celebrated man is like a wild beast, everybody rushes to get a sight of him. Every man thinks that he has a right to spy into my actions; I am never alone; my books are like couriers, they announce my arrival wherever I go. As soon as I appear in an assembly, farewell to free and friendly conversation; universal silence prevails, the guests are all on the tip-toe of expectation; they expect to hear me speak as if I were a book. The women

are all silent through fear, or else they give themselves airs to attract my notice. Brought up, as I was, almost in the midst of woods, secluded from society in my youth, I feel confused at being singled out as the object of universal attention: unable to distinguish between real sympathy and impertinent curiosity, I wrap myself up in my reserve, and remain silent. I am therefore, considered proud, when I am only unhappy. Ah! were I poor, destitute, miserable, I might believe in the affection of those who surround me; but I am now ever in doubt: whether it is myself or my reputation which is sought after.

'I understand—you are as unfortunate as a king.'

'You seem to jest, but it is strictly true, nevertheless. When I arrived here, I thought I had escaped all my troubles; for a few days I was free to live like everybody else, I was comparatively happy—but the arrival of a man who had seen me I don't know where, destroyed everything.'

'That's the way of the world,' said Cellini—'your celebrity is a burden to you, and I who work my fingers off, remain buried in the most enviable obscurity.'

'It's your own fault; you don't stick to anything seriously.'

'My dear count, you seem to forget that I am in the pay of an *impressario*, obliged to have three acts ready every month. You don't know what it is to be a composer to a theatre; it's like the landlord of a public house, where there is a continued call on his genius.'

'Until he at last gets to the bottom of it.'

'That's just what has happened to me; I managed to live some time on about a dozen decent ideas—you know what an idea is, a thing you can dish up with fifty different sauces; you can put the beginning at the end, the middle at the beginning, and people wonder at the author's fecundity. I went on in this manner for about three years; but at last the public discovered that I gave turned cloth for new—I was hissed.'

'Well, and how did you manage then?'

'Why, I determined to travel and regenerate my ideas.'

'And do you succeed?'

'Quite certain of it. There are a great many persons at Abano, and plots are as thick here as the grasshoppers were in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In less than a month, I warrant you that I shall have gathered materials enough for as many comedies and dramas as will last me ten years at a moderate calculation. I only arrived yesterday, and am already on the scent of an intrigue.'

Alfieri smiled incredulously.

'Tis a fact,' continued Cellini, lowering his voice; 'yesterday, heated by travelling and unable to sleep, I ventured into the garden; you know the small pavilion at the extremity of the gravel walk.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I was strolling about near it, when I heard a door or a window suddenly close. I

turned about, and found myself cheek by jowl with a man.'

'Can it be possible?'

'Seeing me, he stopped short and seemed inclined to speak; but he altered his mind, turned away, and disappeared.'

'Did you distinguish his features?'

'As I do yours now—it was splendid moonlight.'

'And you would recognise him again?'

'I have done so already.'

'How?'

'This morning I saw him in the pump-room.'

'Do you know his name?'

'They call him Marliano.'

'The count started up with vivacity.'

'Are you sure he came out of the pavilion?'

'I couldn't swear to it, but I think he did.'

'And you are sure that it was close to the pavilion at the bottom of the garden, near the poplar trees, that you met him?'

'Yes, under the windows of the Marchioness Alcanza.'

Alfieri turned pale, his lips trembled convulsively, but he mastered his emotion and sat down again.

'You see that I haven't lost my time,' continued Cellini, who had not remarked the count's uneasiness. 'I am on the scent of a love affair, which will no doubt furnish me with some excellent scenes. I had already remarked this Marliano, on account of his being so very ugly; he looks like the impenitent thief, in my idea.—Seeing him continually in the company of the marchioness, who, by-the-bye, appears to hate him, I at first took him for her husband, but I was mistaken; there is a secret about it, which you must help me to penetrate.'

It was indeed a secret; but it was not only the count that now desired to discover it. Cellini was far from being aware how interested his friend was in this mystery, and what anguish his recital had inflicted upon him.

The marchioness had been about three months at Abano. She had come alone, and was ill.—Alfieri had done his best to avoid her; indeed, he let slip no opportunity of showing his aversion when chance threw them together; but the young widow did her utmost to overcome a hatred, the cause of which she really was, or affected to be, ignorant of. Subsequently the count's coldness had yielded to the marks of interest which he received from the marchioness, and a sort of intimacy, which became more familiar every day, sprang up between them.—He felt that this woman exercised more influence over him every time he saw her; that his existence was, as it were, incomplete without her society; and that, in short, his happiness depended on the continuance of that friendship which had so unexpectedly arisen out of his former dislike.

He was on the point of telling her so one day, when Marliano arrived. At the sight of this man Bianca appeared confused; she welcomed him with concealed affright; there arose a sort of mute combat between them, in which the young widow was vanquished.

Alfieri then remarked that she avoided him. It seemed to him as if this Marliano exercised over her a sort of jealous guardianship, to which she submitted, but against her will. What connexion could there exist between these two beings? Cellini's story cleared up all his doubts, but he could not bring himself to put faith in the conclusions which it seemed to warrant.—Then who was this Marliano? A first glance seemed to indicate one of those men who pass their lives in the frivolities and dissipations of the world; but after a more minute examination he descried under this assumed mask a violent tenacity, a stubborn and headstrong will, one of those ignoble and coarse minds in a case of adamant. Alfieri had in vain endeavored to study more deeply this man's character; all his advances were met with distant civility; indeed the marchioness always interfered to put an end to any discussion which might arise between them; she seemed to fear their coming in contact with each other.

Such was the state of things, when one day the count, on descending into the garden rather earlier than usual, met the young widow alone. It was the first time since the arrival of Marliano, and he resolved to profit by it. After several useless attempts to discourse on indifferent topics, finding that he became more and more embarrassed, he at last suddenly stopped, and taking the hand of the marchioness—

'What have you against me?' said he; 'and why do you avoid me?'

'I avoid you!' repeated she; 'what can induce you to think so?'

'Do you think I am blind, madam? For more than a fortnight this is the first time I have been able to speak to you.'

The marchioness, who had been troubled for a moment, had now recovered herself.

'Are you sure that it is my fault?' asked she, smiling; 'we seldom find those whom we do not care to seek.'

'Ah, madam! you do not doubt my desire to partake of your society?'

'Why not? I know that my arrival at Abano displeased you at first. Did the intimacy of a few days suffice to destroy all your former prejudices?'

The count blushed, and endeavored to excuse himself.

'Do not attempt to deny it,' continued the marchioness; 'some one had poisoned your mind against me. I know that the only reason of your stay was your being obliged to wait for some letters which you expected; you were consequently compelled to put up with my society.'

'I do not know who can have given you all these details,' said Alfieri, with unaffected simplicity; 'but I cannot deny my faults, or conceal my thoughts. It is true that your name awakened in me a painful emotion, and that I did not attempt to hide it. But if such be the cause of your coldness towards me, which has succeeded so suddenly to your prior affability, you punish too cruelly a prejudice which your presence has sufficed to dissipate.'

'And may I ask you what this prejudice might be?'

'Were I to refuse to give you the explanation you demand, you might be inclined to suppose that it arose from some injurious repugnance on my part; but your presence renewed a sensation of sorrow within my breast, of which I was not the master.'

'And for what reason?'

'I once had a friend, madam, who had likewise been the companion of my studies. We had grown together, and I loved him as children love one another, because they are of the same age and enjoy the same pleasures. We had separated, but kept up a regular correspondence, for we could not forget the happy days of our boyhood. I heard that he lived respected by all who knew him at Genoa. About a year back I learned that he had fallen in love with a woman, beautiful, admired, and courted by all. Two of my letters remained unanswered; at last I received one from his mother—his love had been fatal to him.'

'And your friend was called?'

'Julio Aldi.'

On hearing this name, a cry escaped the marchioness.

'It was then that I heard your name pronounced for the first time,' continued Alfieri; but seeing that the young woman had buried her face in her hands—'Pardon me, madam, said he, with a supplicating and agitated voice, 'I have afflicted you, but it was unavoidable. Now you are aware why I wished to avoid a person whose presence recalled to me the death of my friend.'

'How you must have hated me!' exclaimed the marchioness, bathed in tears.

'No, madam; for I knew that you did everything in your power to prevent their duel; that you even went to the place of rendezvous.'

'Too late sir—too late!'

'The fault was not yours, and Aldi's mother rendered you full justice; she did not accuse you in the agony of her grief, but the young man's imprudence, which had exposed him to the Baron Rocca's sword. Ah, how often have I condemned him for having ventured, in the chances of a duel, a life full of hope in the future! I then did not know the anguish of always finding near the person beloved a face whose impassibility insults our sufferings—of hearing, whenever her voice is heard, the voice of another who answers her with familiarity! Now I comprehend why Aldi preferred certain death to tortures such as these; for I, a man of thought and reveries as I am, who never touched a sword in my life, I feel a thirst for shedding blood; a challenge is ever on my lips, and I wish to be placed opposite to my adversary, sword in hand, to acquire the right of loving exclusively to myself.'

Alfieri's voice had risen as he spoke, his pale face was flushed, and, on pronouncing these last words, his hand was outstretched as if he had grasped a sword; the marchioness made an involuntary motion to stop him.

'Ah! you need not fear,' rejoined he with a bitter smile; 'I have devoured my anger. What right had I to provoke a rival? Jealousy

is only permitted to him who can hope for a return to his affection. And yet,' continued he, after a short pause, 'what risk should I run in a duel? Is there not a terrible one engaged between me and my malady? and I well know what will be the issue of that.'

The marchioness had insensibly drawn closer to him. Her looks were fixed upon the poet's dejected countenance with an indescribable expression of compassion, and she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'Good heavens! what is the matter with you?'

'Do you ask me? Do you not know both the cause and the cure? Nothing but a little affection which might inspire me with the desire to live; for an instant I had imagined I had found it; I then breathed more freely; I felt all the vigor of my youth return, because I was happy; but it only lasted a few days, for I soon perceived that my hopes were groundless.'

'Who told you so?'

'Bianca!' exclaimed he; 'have I understood you? Speak, I beseech you—for pity's sake, speak.'

The marchioness was about to answer; but she suddenly uttered a cry of terror, and tore herself from his embrace. The count raised his eyes; Marlano was standing at the corner of the parterre.

The Genoese bowed coldly. On seeing him the marchioness had fallen back motionless on the bench, he advanced, and without appearing to notice her emotion, inquired after her health with impassable politeness.

As for Alfieri, the arrival of this man at the moment that he was about to receive an avowal which he had so long and so ardently sought after, had at first drawn from him a gesture of anger; but his attention was soon attracted towards Bianca, who by her looks appeared to be supplicating Marlano. Alfieri felt all his doubts return; an invisible instinct pointed out this man to him as his rival, and he resolved to do his utmost to verify his suspicions. He observed to the marchioness that it was time to go to the spring, and he offered to escort her there.

'I thank you, sir,' said the marchioness with embarrassment; 'I remain here; but do not let me interfere with your arrangements.'

'My arrangements are yours, madam,' said the count; 'you know it—the only hours that I enjoy, are those which I pass with you.'

'I see, count, that you would succeed quite as well in madrigals as in tragedy,' replied the marchioness with effort.

Alfieri shook his head. 'Do not rail, I beseech you, at the expression of a sentiment which you know to be sincere,' said he; 'you cannot mistake the cause of the change which your presence has worked in me. Before I knew you I was unhappy, wearied with all that vain applause which is called glory. I saw you—melancholy, fatigue, all disappeared. You have acted on me as the rays of the sun on a drooping plant—I owe you my very existence.'

'Sir!' exclaimed the marchioness, terrified; and then she turned her eyes upon Marlano, but he remained calm and motionless.

Alfieri had watched her looks and her movements.

'You will excuse me,' rejoined he, turning towards the Genoese; 'such confessions are not usually made in the presence of a third person. I have doubtless been indiscreet.'

Marlano bowed. 'I feel happy,' said he, 'count, to have inspired you with so much confidence as to induce you to make such an avowal of your sentiments.'

'I assure you, signor, that I rejoice that you hear me.'

'It is rather for me to rejoice to find that a great poet employs, to express his passion, an eloquence which others in vain seek for in their love.'

The irony with which these last words had been pronounced had something so cold, so piercing about it, that it produced on Alfieri the effect of those wounds which we do not feel at first; but when he understood the full force of it, a flush of indignation caused his very blood to boil; his eyes met those of Marlano. Bianca threw herself between these two glances, in which they exchanged their hatred.

'We well know your gallantry, count,' said she; 'but we have had quite enough on that chapter for to-day. I do not intend to go to the spring, but I do not wish to hinder you from taking your accustomed walk; you will bring me a nosegay on your return.'

The count made an effort on himself, and took his leave. Marlano was about to follow him.

'Signor Marlano!' exclaimed the marchioness, 'you promised to read me a chapter.'

The Genoese turned towards her, a sardonic smile played upon his lips: 'are you so much afraid for him?' said he.

Bianca laid her hand on her heart, and sat down without being able to answer.

'Yet you have reason to be satisfied with me, madam,' rejoined Marlano, bitterly. 'Did I not allow him to speak of his love? Did I not suffer his insults, for his intention was to insult me? Did I not carry my patience to such a pitch that he must have thought me a vile coward? Does not this suffice you?'

'I must leave this place,' said the marchioness with anguish. 'I cannot stay here any longer. I shall return to Genoa.'

'I am ready.'

Bianca cast on Marlano a long look of terror and indignation.

'Yes,' continued she, 'I shall return to Genoa, but to bid an eternal adieu to the world. I have often thought of it—my determination is taken—I shall retire into a convent.'

Marlano started. What say you, madam? A convent?'

'I am resolved.'

'Impossible! So young, so beautiful—to bury yourself in an eternal prison.'

'Am I free now?'

The Genoese looked at her. 'It is to avoid me that you shun the world,' said he, sorrowfully; 'you then hate me more than you love its pleasures.'

'And even were it so, have you not forced me to it?'

'What have I done?'

The marchioness briskly raised her head. 'Do you dare ask me?' said she with indignant surprise. 'Baron Rocca, have you forgotten the past? Have you not traced around me a fatal circle which none can pass without certain death? You ask me what you have done. Have you not profited by your odious address as a *bravo* to assume to yourself the authority of a guardian over me against my will, and call to account all those who approach me? I could not demand the assistance of those who would have had the courage to protect me against this tyranny, for it would have exposed them to certain destruction. Sheltered under the point of honor, you would have awaited their provocation—then, master of the arms and conditions you would have murdered them as you did the unfortunate Aldi. Thus have you enslaved me to your will during three years, trembling beneath your regard, obliged to suffer your society, and estranging all others from me through fear. In vain have I tried to escape you; you have followed me everywhere. Even here, where I had fled for concealment, you appear under the false name of Marliano, as if you had feared that yours would have been the signal of my flight—and you now ask me what you have done!'

Whilst the marchioness had been speaking, the Genoese had turned paler and paler; his features had assumed an expression impossible to describe; it was an anguish which had something cruel about it—a sort of despair which tormented him, but inspired no pity; it was the grief of Satan, crowned king of evil and of pain.

'Why did you not love me?' said he, fixing on the marchioness a withering look of anger. 'It is you who have caused all that has happened. Happiness would have softened my soul. You have exasperated it. That skill which you reproach me with—the world itself forced me to acquire it. I was ugly, abandoned; I required a defence against contempt—I acquired the art of killing. What had at first been necessity, became at last a habit—I placed my honor in a science which I had studied merely as a safeguard. Besides, why should I spare those who hate me? The hatred of others renders us cruel, madam. Ah! as soon as I knew you, I take heaven to witness that I repented ever having shed blood—but I could not efface the past. My love was disdained. I saw that you despised and hated me. I was then seized with a secret rage. Why should I leave to another the happiness which had been refused to myself? Would you not even have thanked me for it at the bottom of your soul? No! If I am cruel, Bianca, it is because I cannot bear the idea that you should love another.'

'Thus I am the slave of your passion.'

'I love you and am jealous.'

'But I—I do not love you.'

'I know it—I know it. And yet your love would change my whole life, and redeem the past.'

He seized the hands of Bianca, and pressed them convulsively against his heart. 'Oh! I love you, Bianca; I love you as man never loved,' exclaimed he; 'why are you without pity?'

'Leave me—leave me,' said the young woman, struggling to escape.

'What can I do to induce you to listen to me?'

'Leave me, I say.'

'Bianca, you cannot eternally resist my prayers—you will relent—I love you too much—you must be mine at last.'

'A convent rather!' exclaimed the young woman, distractedly.

'I will tear you from it.'

'Then the tomb!'

Marliano let drop her hands, which he held in his. 'You love the count,' said he, gnashing his teeth with rage.

The marchioness shuddered, attempted to speak, but burst into tears.

'To-morrow we start for Genoa,' said he, after a long silence.

At this moment some person appeared at the extremity of the walk; Marliano offered the countess his arm, and they both walked away.

Hardly had they disappeared among the trees, when Cellini crept cautiously from behind a clump of acacias where he had concealed himself. He had arrived there a little after Alfieri's departure, and having distinguished the voices of the marchioness and Marliano, he had allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion. Wishing to clear up the suspicions which he entertained, he had listened attentively, and had heard all that passed between them. The beginning of their conversation had only excited his astonishment, and he merely saw in it a capital subject for a *scenario*, but the end had taught him the part which Alfieri played in the affair. He therefore ran to him immediately, and told him all that he had discovered thus opportunely. His revelation was for the count as welcome as it was unexpected; his doubts were removed, and he saw that he was beloved. Everything was now explained; the trouble of the marchioness at the sigh of Marliano; her timid submission to his will: the sudden alteration in her behavior towards himself. His joy knew no bounds.

'But,' observed Cellini, 'she has promised this Marliano, or rather this Baron Rocca, to start tomorrow.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Alfieri; 'she shall stay. Ah! heaven be thanked that I have learned the truth: for this once, this Baron Rocca will find some one betwixt him and the woman whom he oppresses.'

'You forget that you never handled an arm in your life, and that this man will infallibly kill you.'

'I do not care.'

'Of course you are too happy just now to care about life; only, if you succumb, the marchioness will remain without a protector, and exposed to the mercy of her persecutor.'

'You are right. But need I fight this man?'

Would it not be sufficient to publish the truth?'

'It is injurious to the baron; he will challenge you, and you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction, or it will be said you are afraid.'

'Well, I will give him satisfaction.'

'Then he will kill you, and you will not have benefited her in the least. You walk in a circle out of which you can find no issue.'

Alfieri stamped with rage on the ground. 'Is it possible that this point of honor can cover every enormity? What! because a villain is clever in the art of killing, he has the right to force you to silence, or to murder you! Strange justice of the world! If I refuse to allow myself to be assassinated by this cut-throat, a thousand voices will be raised to brand me as a coward, and my celebrity will only serve to publish my shame to every corner of the world, and render my name more despicable. Since life is nothing but an arena of gladiators, why was not I taught to shed blood? What use is what I am and what I know, to me? O God! I would barter my genius, my glory, every thing, for the science of a fencing-master. What's to be done—what's to be done?'

'Formerly a *brave* might have served your turn; unfortunately they are out of fashion now.'

Alfieri shook his head and remained pensive. But he suddenly awoke from his reverie: 'Yes,' murmured he, 'it must be so; it's the only means I have.'

'What are you going to do?' asked his friend.

'You shall know very soon,' answered the count, and he left the room.

The following hours were employed by him in arranging his affairs and writing his last instructions. However firm the soul may be, such preparations cannot but weigh heavily upon it. There is always some smiling corner in life, some happy spot, which we then recalc to mind, and to which the humid eye looks back with regret. How many doubts arise, how many anxieties do we rake up from the bottom of our hearts! Will our name be long remembered? Who will weep for our loss?—Melancholy reflections, to solve which we dare not consult the experience of the past.

And Alfieri thought of all this: of the mountains where he had passed his boyhood; of his first verses; of the old woman's prediction, which was now, doubtless, to be accomplished. He then examined his papers, separating his finished compositions from those which he had as yet, as it were, only sketched out, the children of his imagination, which he intended to have impressed with the whole power of his genius and experience. Oh! how many dreams begun, how many inspirations which had formerly but faintly glimmered on his mind, then burst upon him in all their glory! and he groaned, the poet, for that moment had furnished him with more ideas than the labor of a whole life could develop. And he was about to hazard all this against the dexterity of a bravo. He pressed his hand against his forehead, as if to tear from it the treasures which were about to

perish with him. For so it is with man: he considers his intelligence as the common inheritance of humanity, and that, were he to keep aught of it to himself, he would commit a robbery on mankind. He cannot take upon himself to carry with him a thought unexpressed.

But time passed away. The count rapidly finished to put every thing in order. He wrote to his sister, bade an eternal adieu to everything he loved in this world, and then descended into the saloon.

Cellini and Marliano were there alone. The former was warm in praise of a volume of Machiavel which he held in his hand.

'I do not know it,' said Marliano, coolly.

'Should you wish to read it?' asked the young man, presenting him the book.

'I never read.'

Cellini looked at him with astonishment.—This was the epoch of the regeneration of ideas which signalized the end of the eighteenth century. The nobility seemed to have suddenly awoke from the long torpidity in which they had lain, to study something more than the mere art of gallantry, or the noble science of arms. There was a universal rush towards literature, so that a man who declared that he could not read, was considered as extraordinary a being as a courtier of the reign of Charles the Second, who lived without a mistress.

The count, who on entering had remarked Cellini's surprise, observed—

'Signor Marliano is quite right; what can gentlemen have to do with books?'

Marliano looked at him, as if to discover whether he was not victimized; but the count's features were so calm that he hardly knew what to conjecture.

'If you really think so, my dear count,' said Cellini, laughing, 'I wonder at your passing whole nights over your books, as you are accustomed to do.'

'Oh! as for me,' rejoined the count, 'I'm a poet, a madman! I love Plutarch, and am foolish enough to consider such words as liberty, country, as anything but ridiculous. I am one of those who would not have every man's happiness or misery depend on the chance of birth. I dream of a world where recompenses would be awarded to the most worthy, honors to the most devoted, happiness to all; but I'm a madman, you know, whilst Signor Marliano is a gentleman.'

All this had been said with so much calm, and with such a sameness of intonation, that it would have puzzled any one to guess the interlocutor's real meaning. Its irony was hidden, but was thereby rendered more poignant—you felt the goad without perceiving it. Marliano knew that he was attacked, and winced under his adversary's infliction; but he likewise knew that a quarrel would drive the marchioness to extremities, and he resolved to avoid it if possible; it was, therefore, with a mixture of anger and reserve that he answered—

'I cannot accept your excuses, count. I am satisfied with the world as it is, and leave to philosophers and philanthropists, as they style

themselves, literary knight-errants, the care of remodelling it between their repasts, as they would a play or an opera."

"What can such a man as you have to do with philanthropists and philosophers?" exclaimed Alfieri. "Ah, sir, you are really disposed to show us too much indulgence. Nonsense!—men who wish to enlighten the human mind, the monsters!—who love their fellow-creatures, the fools! The clever men are those who profit by abuses instead of combating them, and ornament their avarice and hard-heartedness with the name of principle or political opinions; who grind down the poor to satisfy their habits of indolence and extravagance, and become wealthy on the miseries of others less privileged than themselves. Those are the persons who know how to live; them we should take for our models. Neither is it difficult, heaven knows, to lead the life of the exquisites of high life;—ruin your creditors, dishonor as many women as possible, kill a few of your most intimate friends in duel, and you will leave behind you the reputation of a most perfect gentleman."

Whilst Alfieri had been speaking, Marliano seemed devoured by an increasing irritation.—At the last words pronounced by the count, he turned round suddenly, but, as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced towards a chair on which he had left his hat, and took it up.

"Pardon me, signor," said Alfieri, "perhaps I have wounded your political opinions. I should really be very much grieved if you were obliged to leave the room on my account, although certainly very much flattered at your thus acknowledging yourself conquered."

Marliano threw down his hat. "I was never conquered by anybody," said he haughtily.

Alfieri bowed; a vague smile played on his lips. For a few moments the three persons present were silent. Cellini, embarrassed, hardly knowing what his friend was aiming at, and the Genoese evidently seeking to avoid a rupture.—He had approached the sideboard, and seemed to be inhaling the perfumes of some rare flowers in a crystal vase, when his eyes fell on a case of pistols, which Cellini had placed there on his return from the shooting-gallery. He opened the box, took out a pistol, which he examined carelessly, and approached the window.

"Are you satisfied with these arms?" asked he of Cellini.

"Very much so; they are of the manufactory of Cosimo."

"Will you allow me to try them?"

"Certainly."

Marliano looked out of the window. "You see that flower yonder," said he, pointing to a rose-bud, which was the only one left on the bush.

"Yes; but it's out of pistol-shot."

Marliano fired.

"Ah signor!" exclaimed Cellini.

"The flower is down of course," said the count, who had remained at the other extremity of the apartment.

"You seem to jest, but it's a fact."

The count smiled; he saw that Marliano wanted to frighten him.

"By Jove, Signor Marliano," said Cellini, who was still looking at the flower, "if we ever fight, I should not feel inclined to choose pistols as the weapons."

"Why not?" exclaimed Alfieri; "on account of the flower?"

"No, no; on my own account."

"Dear me! who knows? it frequently happens that this extraordinary dexterity will disappear at the moment of danger."

Marliano made a movement.

"I do not say that for you, signor; but the most clever villain cannot always support the look of an honest man, and his conscience will sometimes make his hand tremble. Indeed there are many who only make a parade of their skill, in order to avoid a more dangerous struggle, and who volunteer a proof of their address to dispense with giving a proof of courage."

"Count!" exclaimed Marliano, springing towards Alfieri.

"Once more I do not say that for you," quietly returned the latter.

"This assurance is useless," said Marliano, his lips trembling with rage. "I know that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent; they only insult by allusions; they never provoke, except from under cover of an oratorical precaution; and when we are tired with their disguised insolence, they feign to be ignorant of its cause; in case of necessity, they might even invoke their bad health, and call themselves too ill to have any honor."

"You do not mean that for me either, I suppose," said the count mildly.

"I leave you the judge of that, sir."

"O no," continued Alfieri; "for if such were the case, the signor Marliano knows that I might demand satisfaction."

"Who hinders you from doing so?"

"You then recognize that I have the right to do it? You own that your insolence was directed towards me—that I am insulted?"

"Be it so."

Alfieri sprang towards the Genoese, and seizing his hand—

"I have the choice of arms, sir," exclaimed he.

"It matters not to me."

"We shall soon see."

He ran to the sideboard, seized Cellini's pistols, and returning to Marliano—

"Choose," said he.

"But one of the pistols is unloaded."

"The other will suffice for one of us."

"What!—do you want to fight?"

"Muzzle to muzzle; and let God defend the right."

"It is impossible," exclaimed Marliano.

"Pardon me, signor, I am insulted; you have said it. I have the right to impose the conditions; you have said that too. You cannot refuse, unless you be a vile coward. The point of honor which has served you so frequently, is against you now. You hoped that, like so many

others of your victims, I should be fool enough to stand up to serve as a mark for your bullet or your sword, that you might cut me down as you did that flower, with a smile on your lips. But you were mistaken, Baron Rocca.'

'Ah! you know my name, do you?'

'Yes, and think not that I will yield a single fraction of my advantages. I do not fight to make a parade of bravery or generosity, but to deliver the marchioness from your odious persecutions. I fight to kill you.'

'Your hope may be deceived,' exclaimed the baron, whose surprise was now turned into fury.

'I know it; but whatever be the issue of this combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your tyranny. I have taken all my precautions; if I succumb, all Italy will know the cause of my death; I shall have bought with my blood the right of publishing your infamy; and I shall be believed, for the dead, it is known, never lie. I shall be pitied, for my very enemies will take care to exalt my glory. Your fatal celebrity will be affixed to mine as to a funeral pile, and you will be branded as a villain for having killed me. I shall have broken the yoke which you have imposed upon the marchioness. Placed under the safeguard of public opinion, she will have nought to fear from you, and will require no one to defend her, for you will have lost the privileges of a man of honor, and all will refuse to give you satisfaction.'

'Enough! enough!' exclaimed the baron, who was now beside himself, 'one of us must die.—Follow me.'

'I am ready, sir.'

They directed their steps towards the door.—Cellini stopped them.

'One moment, gentlemen—you cannot fight without seconds, especially on such conditions: it is impossible.'

'You shall be mine,' said Alfieri; 'the baron will get one.'

'Meet me at the spring in an hour,' said Marlano, going out.

Cellini likewise left the apartment.

When Alfieri was left alone, a sort of moral depression seized upon him. He passed over in his mind the events of his life; he thought of Bianca! Cellini's story had led him to believe that he was beloved, but was that sufficient now that he was about to engage in a combat in which his life was at stake? Was it love or pity that had actuated the marchioness? He was buried in these reflections when she entered the apartment with a book in her hand. On perceiving the count she stopped and blushed, but recovering her presence of mind,—

'I was with you, you see,' said she, showing him the last volume he had published.

'Yes,' replied he, 'they are more beloved than the author himself. Before people know me, they seek for me in my works, they guess at me through the medium of my poetry; and when they come to find that I am a man like other men, they are astonished, and I fall down from the pinnacle upon which they had placed me. Even you, you love the poet, but you avoid the

man: you like my works, Bianca, but you shun me.'

The marchioness attempted to reply.

'O! do not deny it,' continued Alfieri; 'you shun me, and yet you appeared to comprehend me. For an instant I thought I had touched your heart. Then it was that I loved my glory. I was proud to think I should share it with you. Ah! why did you snatch this delicious hope from me?'

The marchioness seemed affected—there was so much prayer in the count's voice, so much sensibility in his looks, that she remained as it were spell-bound beneath them; she wished to answer but could only stammer out a few words without meaning.

'Bianca, I beseech you, speak to me—you know that I love you; do not envy me this—this happiness, perhaps, the last I shall ever enjoy.'

'What can you mean?'

'Who knows what may happen? you know the fate which has been predicted to me.'

'O! banish all such fearful forebodings.'

'Well, supposing this prophecy were about to be realized—if I were to see you now for the last time—could you refuse a dying man a word which would make him happy? Ah! you tremble. Good God!—one word, only one—Bianca, do you love me?'

'Yes,' replied the marchioness, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands.

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

'It is then true!—She loves me!—Thanks, thanks—Bianca, dearest Bianca!'

'Ah! why did you force me to speak, if you but knew—'

'Nothing—I will hear nothing, except that you love me—weep not, fear not. Now let my destiny be accomplished.'

The clock struck—the count shuddered.

'Adieu, Bianca,' said he, pressing her to his bosom; 'adieu!'

And having disengaged himself from her arms, he rushed out of the room.

The marchioness remained motionless. A vague sensation of terror crept over her, as she thought of the misfortunes that would be the result of the confession which she had made. She then remembered the count's trouble, his precipitate flight; a horrible suspicion arose in her mind.

She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marlano—he was absent. Her heart beat as if it were ready to burst. She ran to the count's room, hardly knowing what she was about—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard, she uttered a piercing cry, and tottered against the wall. Almost immediately Cellini appeared at the extremity of the garden, exclaiming—

'A surgeon!'

Bianca felt the earth turn under her feet; she stretched out her arms for support, and tried to leave the window. Suddenly a noise was heard on the staircase; the door flew open—she uttered an exclamation of joy.

It was Alfieri!

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

[From the Dublin University Magazine for February.]

—BY J. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the time of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding doors at once, with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country-gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the "Morning Post." The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object,—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine: she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron: nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because, she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know

well why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool,—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him out of the question: the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ash'on a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, 'I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed.'

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. 'By the way,' he added, 'Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself.—Good fortune attend you.'

'Good fortune' did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy; but when

Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she sat still, and she said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. 'It is all in vain,' he said to himself. 'It is all in vain. I know her father too well;' and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice, 'in the little room beyond the back drawing room.'

Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, 'Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!'

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, 'Alice Herbert will hear of this!' but often, too, he would ask himself, 'I wonder if she be married yet?' and his compassions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper; the births, deaths, and marriages.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of ——. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know, but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family, where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day

sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer, and, unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep. Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him: it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing-room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead for some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

'I had better put this away, Miss Herbert,' he said at length, in a low voice; 'I had better put this away before any one else comes.'

Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked 'Prussic acid! poison!'

This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insolvent. That all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother;—the funeral;—the examination of the papers;—the sale of the house and furniture;—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations;—the commiseration of friends; the taunts and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence. Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad 'What next?' when a letter was given to her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe the man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only

balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received ; and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquillized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity ; and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the *St. Lawrence*,—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th day of May, 183—.

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton.

It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations,—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths ; and, as he did so, he saw,—‘Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq.’ The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised ; but his sensations were very mixed, and although, be it said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, ‘Is it possible that she can ever be mine ? She was certainly much agitated when I left her !’

‘Here’s a bad business !’ cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. ‘The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it, too, Ashton. Look there ! They talk of three shillings in the pound.’

Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then he took his hat, and walked to head quarters. What he said or did there, is nobody’s business but his own ; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of *St. Lawrence*. Fair winds wafted him soon to England ; but in *St. George’s Channel* all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time, that make or mar men’s destinies. A coasting boat from *Swansea* to *Wiston* came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant, and himself, into the little skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering-place of *Wiston* super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of

night, and therefore a post-chaise was rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau towards Bristol. Their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet, some one of the many things that fill inn, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length, he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the *St. Lawrence* the next day ? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that, as he had just come from the *St. Lawrence*, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Ten, eleven, twelve o’clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots, and went to bed. At two o’clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish ; and to cool himself, he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feel came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bedroom was one of those unfortunate inn bed-rooms that are placed under the mediate care and protection of a sitting-room, which, like a Spanish *Duenna*, will let nobody in who does not pass by their door. He put on his dressing gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger : there was a considerable crackling and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase ; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken ; and in a minute after, loud knocking at the doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of ‘Fire ! fire !’ showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening all the doors of the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were halloosings and shoutings, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was ; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived ; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands, and exclaiming, ‘Oh, my poor young mistress ! my poor young lady !’

‘Where is she, my good girl ?’ demanded the young soldier.

'In number eleven,' cried the girl, 'in number eleven! Her bedroom is within the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise.'

'There she is,' cried one of the by-standers who overheard; 'there she is, I dare say.'

Ashton looked up towards the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.

'A ladder,' he cried, 'a ladder, for God's sake! There is some one there, whoever it be!'

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

'The back staircase is of stone,' he cried; 'she may be saved that way!'

'Ay, but the corridor is on fire,' said one of the waiters; 'you'd better not try, sir; it cannot be done.'

Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn; up the stair case; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

'I will open it,' cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

'God of Heaven,' he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

'You will be lost! you will be lost!' he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

'And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!' said Alice.

'I will die with you, at least!' replied Henry Ashton; 'that is some consolation. But, no! they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl you are saved!'

He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom; and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

'It is as well,' he said; 'it is as well!' and, as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed; but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground, a universal shout burst forth from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but, ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of ocean, every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and, ere many months were over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

THE PALACE MOTHER.

A NEW YEAR'S CONGRATULATION, AND OFFERING OF HOPE, ON THE NOW MATERNAL CHARACTER OF HER MAJESTY.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for February.]

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

'How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument!'

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Praise to the vanished! to the old year praise!
It came with promise, went out promise-crown'd;
Even at its threshold bridal-wreaths it wound,
And, dying, left us in as proud amaze,—
The nuptials blest, the royal babe made known,
And now a queen-maternal on the throne.

O how the joy-bells rang their loudest peal,
The grateful news was carried through the land;
From spire to spire fast wrought the willing hand—

Glad tidings they, and gladsome to reveal!
And still this New Year strengthens the delight,
And Hope's as eager to pursue the flight!

The cradle toys—and blissful babyhood,
Lo: then, the Palace-Mother at the sight
(Young in her years, and young in the delight)
Strange gazing in her self-found solitude—
The heart up-hushed, and every thought awe-charm'd
To see love's dreaming thus to life transform'd!

And very beautiful that life-bud is
In its fresh innocence—the lip, cheek, eye,
And the small hand put out so tryingly;

And still, by times, the feet, in freedom's bliss,
Working their gathering powers beneath the drape
That shows the movement, though it screens the
shape!

And near that mother is another face,
Suiting the scene—the mild, yet earnest sire
And happy husband, with his hope on fire
At what may be the future of his race—
A daughter now, and other pledges yet—
Star linked with star as never more to set!

Father and prince! how rich the homage falls!
Mother and queen is she—the favored one;
But chiefly where the birth-pang sharp has gone,
Thence Nature, the enthralling, most enthralls—
The inward woman tried and touched has been,
And her new name is prouder even than Queen!

* * * * *
'Tis not in any state to take away
The nature of our nature, or conceal;
The heart must throb or rot; the feelings feel;
Our bearing's the condition of our clay;
The diadem of glory decks the head,
Yet cannot the feet leave the earth they tread!

And thou, high sovereign lady—Mother now!
And thou dost know this, in thy inward thought:
Nature, the teacher, hath this lesson taught,
And all who watch thee, trace it on thy brow—
The new sweet charge that takes the heart to school,
And makes I LOVE be stronger than I RULE.

Liege lady—Mother! yea, I judge it so,
And have in this withal the better hope,
That, swaying, as thou dost, thou wilt give scope
To fullest sympathy for those below—
The humble throng of mothers, from whose womb
Britannia takes her greatness, or her doom!

Through the drear nooks where abject suffering lies
In shivering pain, or dread uncertainty,
Where the dry nipple cannot give the food,
And the weak, gum-mocked infant moans and dies,—
There, as a mother of the mother think,
And link around thee still the closer link.

The poor produce with pain—and so do all;
But ah! how much is added to the same!
How little of the nurse the hut can claim!
How few the comforts found within that wall!
A bed of straw perhaps, and cover thin,
And the keen draughts for ever breaking in!

Some neighbor grandame, kindly as she's old,
The only friend to lend, by times, a hand,
Brush up the floor—do any small command,
Hobbling from spot to spot with careful hold;
Yet what can she to help the greater woe?
How give those features which such home should
show?

Where is the caudle choice? the curtained charm?
Where each accompaniment we would espy?
The ever-wanted change, all clean and dry,
The wholesome gearing of the tiny form?
The father prideful as the scene reveals?
And the fond mother smiling as she feels?

There may, perchance, be other children, too,
All gathered close together in that shed;
And some they strive to climb upon the bed
And bring the little stranger to the view;

And now, anon, the place becomes all riot—
The pale, thin hand vain beckoning to be quiet!

Nor is this all—nor yet the worst—for soon
The needy wantons seek the cupboard door,
And then it is the poor are truly poor—
There is no dinner, though it be late noon!
The babe, too, craves—and, yielding that request,
She wishes for each mouth she had a breast!

Mother or Queen! 'tis trying Winter time,
The rain is wetting, or the frosts are cold,
The show before the vision thickly rolled,
Cheerless the grate, and chill the window grime:
O mournful, therefore, in this season's fright,
The wife who has not wherewith to delight!

Lo, thy own baby; take it on the knee
And watch the wistful glances upward cast;
How much of hope is there! and trial past!
And every woman feels as fervently;
The great law conquers that outweighs all law;
And where's the mother can from it withdraw?

Nor doth this mighty thralldom stop even there:
The father, brother, sister—every tie,
Near or remote, in the affinity
Of kindred, intertwisting, hath its share,—
And thus still on, as still the claim extends,
Till all the human host become as friends!

As Queen, Wife, Mother—thou, O madam, then,
Hast noble state, and offering, to thee given,
One of the few, as set apart by Heaven
To wake high wish, and cherish it again;
And now to bind this duty closer still,
Thy own sweet babe will but the better skill!

It were indeed most treason-like to doubt;
And yet, withal, the heart may be betrayed,
And follow on—and follow but a shade!
Though fair the promise, still no fruit come out!
Proud words and holy phrases all o'erthrown,
And, hideous IDOL!—SELF be only known!

O! woman, mortal!—weakly like us all,
Be but the MOTHER and there is no dread;
Those soft attentions o'er the infant shed—
The heed that nothing evil may befall—
Each precept sage—each admonition kind,
The heart enlarge, till all a share may find.

As thou would'st watch the time-up-growing shoot,
Trace the weak virtues, strengthening every day,
See reason opening to its proper sway,
And every motive strike from wholesome root!
As thou, the Royal Nursling, would'st befriend,
So generous might'st thou work the wider end!

O 'twere blessed sight to see this scene revealed,
The Queen, true mother of the millions all!
Though in her Palace-Home, to yet recall
The many deep ills round about concealed;
To make the doing good, and aiming well,
The chief Ambition wherein to excel.

What are our party strifes, to such great aims!—
If those be disappointed—these succeed!
Ah! very wantonness, and dross indeed!
Virtue will show the more deserving claims;
Take, then, thy baby—Mother! to thy breast,
And, looking there—REMEMBER ALL THE REST.

J. D. D.